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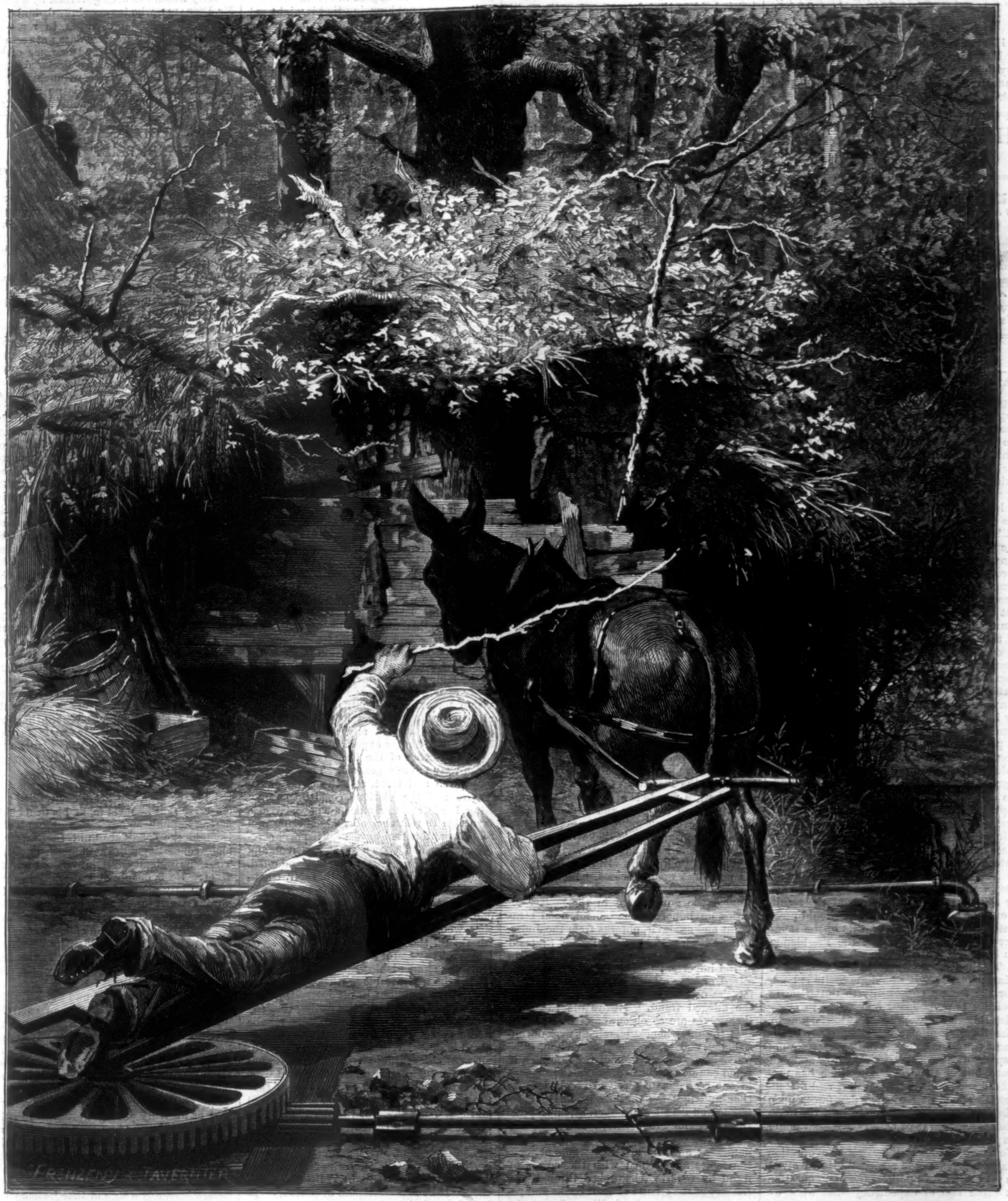

AN OASIS ALONG THE TRACK.—[See Page 254.]

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON.

[See Illustration on Page 252.]

The man looked into the cup one day—
Only one glance, then turned away;
But the demon hid in the sparkling wine
Thought, "One more glance, and the man is mine!"
And he laughed and danced in his ruby lair
Till the wine grew foamy and sparkling fair.

Another glance did the man bestow,
And his eyes shone bright with a strange wild glow.
"Only one drop! one taste!" thought he;
"What harm can it do to one like me?"
Only one drop, he tried at last,
And the demon seized and held him fast.

"As father does," thinks the little son,
"So may I." And the deed is done.
The demon laughs as the days go by,
And chuckles, "Another soul have I!"
And the boy cries out, "It is well, I know,
Where father leads, I may surely go!"

So years roll on, and the man grows old,
Rich in crime, and but poor in gold;
The son has reeled into man's estate,
His heart on fire with sin and hate;
And the demon tightens his cruel chain,
While he lures fresh victims to share their pain.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, March 21, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a fine portrait of Disraeli, *an illustrated account of the new Public Library of Cincinnati, and other features of popular interest.*

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UNDER WHICH KING?

No recent political event is comparable in the excitement it has caused to the appointment of the Boston Collector. The Republican press has spoken, as usual, very freely, and there is no doubt that we see the beginning of a resolute struggle for the control of the party, which will end in its purification or its destruction. The first serious conflict will be in Massachusetts, where General **Butler** or some henchman of his will undoubtedly be a candidate for the chief office in the State. His opponents will probably first try conclusions within the party lines, and endeavor to carry the convention as they did last year. If they succeed, they will carry the State, for the general will not bolt. His bolting would mean nothing but his individual preference not to come into the ark. But if, with the countenance of the President and the aid of the patronage of office, General **Butler** should secure the nomination, his opponents would probably bolt to some purpose. Nor would they be much concerned by his assertion that it is dishonorable to go into a convention, and then refuse to be governed by its decision. They might object to the general as a poor authority upon "honor" in politics, and they would certainly refuse, upon any plea of "honor," to support a candidate whose election they would consider a grave public misfortune. In the event of his success, General **Butler** would have captured the regular organization of the party. He could then be opposed only outside of it. His opponents would in that case, unless they mean to surrender, nominate a candidate and appeal to the Commonwealth. They might be defeated, but they would have shown that they held party subordinate to principle, and the result would be a reform party, which would presently absorb the best elements of the Democratic party, and contest the Presidency in 1876.

This movement would not be confined to Massachusetts. It would gradually extend, for the feeling of hostility to Butlerism in politics is pronounced and active in every Republican State. The great misfortune of the Republican party is that many of its most conspicuous chiefs in Congress are not representative of its true character and purpose, but of that tendency which has produced such wide-spread protest and discontent. The situation every day forces upon the most unwavering Republicans the question, when will it be necessary for our honor as men and patriots to oppose the party? No good citizen will answer the question hastily, because the responsibility involved is very great. In politics the main question is often one of expediency—not what we would, but what we can. For instance, in Massachusetts to oppose General **Butler** with a third candidate is to take the risk of bringing the Democratic party into power. Such a result in that State may not be very disastrous, because the immense majority of the people are really Republican. But in New York an organized Republican protest against the regular Republican organization would bring Tammany Hall and all that it implies into the control of the State. No Republican will help that result in any way until he is satisfied that the evil of continued Republican ascendency under the present management of the party is as great as that of Democratic success. Then, as in 1844 the radical anti-slavery men of both parties in New York took the risk and voted for a third candidate, the protesting Republicans would support some candidate who stood for honesty in public life, and they, too, would take the consequences.

It is undeniable that events hasten such a result, and it will be very much affected by the action of Massachusetts in the autumn. If the gentlemen who propose to keep the Republican party where **John A. Andrew** left it hold to that determination, they will bolt, as he certainly would have bolted under the present circumstances, if General **Butler** should be nominated in September. Governor **Andrew** was not a man who feared a minority, and he would have despised the silent protest of not voting when a great principle was involved. The sooner the people of this country see that they are ruled by a governing class which maintains itself by the vast abuse of patronage, the sooner those people will again govern. The theory is that the people rule through the parties. The fact is that the great office-holders begin at the beginning, control the primary meeting, the county convention, the State convention, nominate the candidates, and leave the voter no choice but to support the regular nomination or to bolt the party. So long as honorable and able men are nominated, all is well, but the system easily degenerates into a tyranny not to be endured. The people of Massachusetts apparently propose to resume their power, even if only by a protesting vote. The telegram of Mr. **Forbes** and his friends was a challenge, from which they are not the men to withdraw. Purity of administration is now the chief practical issue, and that purity is impossible should the spirit which has triumphed in the Boston Custom-house prevail.

MOIETIES.

The necessity of Mr. **Fenton**'s bill to abolish moieties and to fix a salary for the higher customs officers has been very thoroughly demonstrated by the recent revelations of the **Sanborn** contracts and of Custom-house receipts. The former seems to be as bare a theft of public money as was ever perpetrated. There has been no kind of justification of it attempted, and the relation to it of certain gentlemen whose characters have been hitherto unimpeached is not easily explicable. Immense sums of money have been paid to **Sanborn** for doing the duty of regularly salaried officers of the government, and those officers have not only been virtually directed not to do their duty, but have been instructed to aid **Sanborn** in every way. In the case of Custom-house emoluments, the official documents explain the hostility to any reform of the system of the civil service by showing the enormity of the prizes which the chief offices now are. The facts daily disclosed go far to prove that rigorous retrenchment is all that is needed to restore the Treasury to a safe condition. But we warn members of Congress that, unless they scan carefully and in detail every clause and every amendment to every clause of the appropriation bills, they will have provided for more leaks and thefts.

"An informer," says Mr. S. B. **Eaton** in his pamphlet upon seizures, "intimates to a revenue official that an importer has defrauded the government in the matter of duties on imports; the official, upon complaint and affidavit, obtains from the Judge of the District Court of the United States a secret warrant to seize the books and papers of the importer; the books and papers are seized, and are carried away to be examined for the ostensible purpose of investigating the alleged fraud." Meanwhile the laws themselves are so obscure and complicated that the most honest merchant may unconsciously violate, or seem to violate, some provision. The rewards of the informer, if fraud can be established, are so enormous—in one case **Jayne** received nearly seventy thousand dollars—that every kind of intrigue and deceit and subornation is practiced: clerks are solicited and tampered with; the opportunities of black-mail are immense; and the most honorable mercantile fames are stained with the odium of fraud by reports telegraphed through the country of the seizure of their books and papers upon charges of swindling. Secretaries of the Treasury and Judges of the Supreme Court agree that it is often almost impossible for any merchant to determine the meaning of the law. Appeals to the Treasury Department for explanation upon all kinds of points are incessant, and the informer is naturally swift to swear that any violation of any law or regulation, however innocent and unintentional it may be, is necessarily fraud.

The attempt of **Jayne**, the most notorious of the informers, to stigmatize the mercantile class in the large cities of this country as swindlers and perjurers was baffled by the simple and forcible statement of Mr. W. E. **Dodge** before the Committee of Ways and Means. The system of terror in which the house of **Phelps, Dodge, & Co.** was involved by the spies and agents of the government will be incredible to Americans who have supposed that they lived in a free country. It is a system that would not be surprising in Naples, but is revolting to an American. The house was supposed to have admitted its guilt by paying a sum in compromise. But entangled in obscure meshes as it was, and not knowing that it might not have unwittingly violated some law, it had no other resource.

Mr. **Eaton**'s argument is admirable and conclusive. But the good sense of the country should need no elaborate plea to prove that laws so monstrous as those which authorize the public branding of the most honorable men as rascals should be repealed. This repeal should be part of a thorough revision and digest of all the revenue laws, including Mr. **Fenton**'s principle of fixed salaries to officers of the revenue. The simple facts in regard to the seizures in the foreign revenue service, and to the results of the **Sanborn** contract in the internal revenue, ought to open the eyes of all honest men. Niggardly salaries are not wise. Let them be ample and generous, that the public service may not be a sacrifice so severe that poor men must necessarily be excluded from it. But all moieties and penalties should be abolished. The revenue laws and the **Sanborn** contracts read like the Treasury regulations of ante-revolutionary France and mediæval Italy. If they are necessary parts of "the American system," the indignation of the American people will repudiate it as a foul libel upon their name.

MR. DISRAELI.

The English papers agree that Mr. **Disraeli** has now, for the first time, a clear party majority, and that, therefore, if he has a policy, he has at last the chance of showing it. The speech which he made to his own constituents at Buckingham, when the success of his party was already assured, was very cautious, and commits him to nothing distinctly, except to the twenty-fifth clause of the Education Act, which provides for what is called religious education. This clause, he said, is the symbol of the question. Those who approve it are in favor of such education, and there is no compromise. He admits, therefore, that his party is committed to the system of religious education. Mr. **Disraeli**'s general position is strengthened by the unhappy condition of India, for if the famine should increase, the responsibility of not having made more ample provision for relief will fall upon the Liberal Administration; and it will be further strengthened should any serious disaster befall the Ashantee expedition.

The speeches of the Conservative candidates were equally general. They were all for church and state, and the unity of the empire and the glorious constitution, and King, Lords, and Commons. They were also favorable to relieving all real suffering and removing all actual burdens, whenever careful inquiry had shown what was real, and whenever wise legislation could be adopted. They were all of opinion that Mr. **Gladstone**'s offer to take off the income tax was a mere attempt to bribe a class of voters, and that the most cherished British institutions would disappear and British glory vanish should the Liberal rule continue much longer. They had it all their own way. The reaction is undeniable; and perhaps a great deal of the result is due to what Mr. **Eugene Lawrence** mentions in his interesting letter in another column—the feeling that the present Liberal party offers no hope for the reforms upon which the radical heart of England is set. Mr. **Smalley**, whose opportunities of observation are good, and who has a large acquaintance among English Liberals, says in his letters to the *Tribune* that the republican party, as such, is very small and unimportant. But the movement represented by the Dissenters, to which Mr. **Lawrence** alludes, is of another kind.

The success of Mr. **Disraeli** is to be regretted because it is a return of the Palmerstonian epoch of brilliant political skepticism. If he is a statesman of profound political convictions, it is his misfortune that nobody believes it. But the British fear of logic and of political "abstractions," which Mr. **Mill** admirably described, injured Mr. **Gladstone**, whose earnestness and sincerity seemed priggish and pedantic to the common British mind. Mr. **Lawrence**'s letter gives a good glimpse of that national mind, which changes so slowly that it is not difficult to believe that Sir **Robert Walpole** would be almost as acceptable a minister as he was a hundred and forty years ago. England is fortunate in being judged by a few conspicuous persons. Mr. **Gladstone**, Mr. **Disraeli**, Lord **Granville**, Mr. **Lowe**, Lord **Cairns**, and Lord **Salisbury** are so able that the American finds himself thinking of these gentlemen as the types and representatives of the political class in Great Britain. And if, when he is reminded that they are exceptional, he should be disposed to think it a good system which brings such men into the active control of politics, he may be reconciled to his own country by inquiring into the system by which they are elected, and by considering the general condition of the country which has been governed by a class. Mr. **Disraeli**, who is very shrewd, doubtless thinks that England wishes to rest—although its recent progress does not seem to have been exhausting—and as some of his most intelligent supporters declared upon the hustings that the county franchise question is not yet ripe, there is no reason to expect a startling or "splendid" administration.

"TRUE BLUE" BLOOD.

Those who sneer at the nomination of Mr. **Simmons** as a defeat of the Boston "blue blood" merely play into the hands of General **Butler** and his friends. The latter gentlemen are very careful to represent themselves as friends of the people, and Mr. **Simmons** was described as the "poor boy," and those who were opposed to his appointment were flouted as "respectable," and "kid-gloved," and "perfumed aristocracy," and his success was called the humiliation of "Beacon Hill" and the "snubbing of the aristocracy." If that were all, nobody would be very sorry. But the truth is that what is derisively called "respectability" is simply honesty, decency, and principle in politics. These were indeed snubbed by the appointment, but that fact does not seem to be a subject of public congratulation, or its significance to be exhausted by brilliant satire upon blue blood. It was undoubtedly true that many of the more conspicuous leaders in the opposition to the nomination were educated and rich men. But their wealth has been as honestly acquired as that of General **Butler** or Mr. **Simmons**, and upon this occasion they represented the great mass of intelligent and honorable people who are opposed to merely mercenary politics. Their defeat is not the humiliation of rich men as against poor, for their opponents are rich also, but it is the momentary discomfiture of that principle which can alone save our political system from disgrace and ruin.

We say frankly, however, that the opponents of Mr. **Simmons** took the wrong ground in the contest. They accepted the enemy's choice of position. They sought a good end by a wrong means. They pleaded as party men under the usages of the party, instead of standing upon the President's solemn pledge to change those usages when this very case should arise. When, therefore, the President asked if Mr. **Simmons** were not a good Republican, the contestants could not deny it. When he asked if they charged him with dishonesty, they were silent. And when in turn they said that he was not fitted for the post, the President replied conclusively that he must make his own choice among Republican advisers, and that if they thought the candidate unfit, there were as many sound Republicans of another opinion. The same difficulty overthrew Senator **Boutwell**. He is openly and strongly in favor of a strictly political civil service, and has never favored the effort to reform it. When, therefore, he was asked if Mr. **Simmons** were not an honest man and an efficient officer, he could not deny it, for Mr. **Simmons** had held office under him when he was at the head of the Treasury; and when he was farther asked why, if Mr. **Simmons** were honest and efficient, and also a good and hard-working Republican, he should not upon good Republican recommendations be appointed, the Senator was necessarily silent. He might have a personal preference, but under the system which he approves and supports there was no sound reason against the appointment of Mr. **Simmons**.

The object of his opponents, however, was that of all truly patriotic citizens, to withstand the influence and tendency which are represented by General **Butler**, and which are rending the Republican party. The sneer at it as a movement of "respectability" and of "the white cravat and daily bath" gentlemen is merely a sign of that jealousy of a high and honorable tone in politics which demagogues are always swift to use. The Boston *Herald* has well disposed of General Butler's representation of Mr. Simmons as "a poor boy;" while his own claims to popular affection on the ground of peculiar friendship for "the people" are shown in their true value by his leading the "back pay" raid upon the people's money in the Treasury, and by his effort to get the "poor boy" Simmons into the Boston Custom-house, in order that the money of the people may be paid to those who will advance General Butler's personal interests.

THE LATE HARTFORD CONVENTION.

The recent meeting of college delegates at Hartford to confer upon the feasibility of an intercollegiate contest in scholarship or oratory decided to hold a contest of oratory in New York next January. Colonel Higginson, who, a few years ago, suggested a trial of scholarship by competitive examinations, was present at the meeting, and made some excellent general suggestions, finally offering the resolution upon which the convention acted. It is possible, although we are inclined to doubt, that a contest of oratory will lead to the real object sought by Colonel Higginson, that is, an elevation of the standard of scholarship by genuine competition. The present plan can hardly end in more than a commencement display of declamation or a college exhibition. The contestants are to be not more than two from each college, and the orations not more than ten minutes in length, and the time and care which will be lavished upon them can not have an adequate result. But, if we are correct, the movement, which seems to be very sincere, will undoubtedly take another form. That form should be the one already suggested by Colonel Higginson. And this movement must proceed from the college authorities, not from the students.

In this State, for instance, if the governing officers of the colleges should agree that the high degrees should be conferred by them only upon candidates who had successfully passed an examination to be held by the most competent examiners selected by mutual consent, the standard of real scholarship would visibly rise. This could not be done by the Board of Regents, for they could only control their own degrees. The desirability of some such co-operation is evident to those who are familiar with the educational interests of the State. There are about thirty colleges in New York, but we have known the most thorough academy teachers prouder of the one boy whom they sent up to Harvard or Yale than of the dozen who entered one of our own institutions. A New York intercollegiate contest which would correct this would be a real service to the State. But it would demand a sincere love of letters and a high spirit of self-sacrifice to accomplish it. The vital difficulty with many colleges is that they depend mainly upon fees, not upon foundations and endowments. To increase fees they must attract students, and to attract students the curriculum must not be very severe. Moreover, such examinations would involve considerable expense, and poorer colleges, therefore, could not participate. It is very creditable that the movement which led to the Hartford convention began with the students; and even if the first form which it takes should prove to be mistaken, the spirit from which it springs may be trusted for good results.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. IX.

At the first note of a general election all England rises in a wild excitement that leaves no room for reflection or repose. Royal weddings and barbaric festivities, the wassail and the revels of princes and princesses, even the bay of the hounds and the destructive pleasures of the field, are forgotten in the rude interest of the political game. The English candidate often enters upon the chase for office with little more delicacy than if he were hunting a fox or a stag. He is prepared to brave all dangers, and leap the bars of common refinement. If he escapes a shower of mud or a host of missiles, if his eyes are not blinded by a cloud of Cayenne pepper, as happened recently at Bath, if he is not jostled and tossed by a riotous throng, he is at least expected in many boroughs to visit all his constituents at their own houses or at the tavern, and secure their "promises" by all the arts of customary flattery. Sometimes his reception is far from courteous. From one house he may be driven with no gracious epithets, or told in another of his least popular errors; but good humor must sit upon his uneasy brow, and the august legislator, who may have held listening senates in expectation, finds often a less placable audience in the rustic throngs who have now asserted their power. To secure a "promise" there is no labor that the ambitious candidate must not undergo. He notes every one of them in a book, and counts them up at the polls. If his "promises" prove to be untrustworthy, he is certain that bribery has been used to win away his supporters, and at once prepares to contest the election. In a recent case the disappointed aspirant had secured "promises" enough to carry him in by a large excess. His note-book foretold an unexampled triumph, but before the election-day had waned every tavern in the borough poured forth a stream of strong ale that seemed to flow gratuitously; the independent voters staggered to the polls with no thought of their pledges; five-pound notes were liberally distributed; the town was drowned in intoxication; the rival candidate far outstripped his competitor. The unlucky Conservative at once brought his action, and was again defeated. An astute if not impartial magistrate held that the reputation of the successful member was not to be tainted by the acts of his supporters. Bare-headed, exposed to the chilling rain and the disheartening mist, even Mr. Gladstone was forced to stand before his constituents at Blackheath in the open air, and for two hours discourse in his sonorous tones upon the weaker points of his opponent's policy. He performed his duty to his constituents with the courage of a Homeric champion, and showed that his astute rival had only a dim perception of the position of the Straits of Malacca. Not discouraged, Mr. Disraeli goes down to the rural districts to prove to his farming constituency that his agricultural knowledge is at least equal to his geographical. The followers or the supporters of the two chiefs imitate the activity of their leaders. Every house is canvassed, every voter solicited by a personal application either from the candidate or his agents. Only Mr. Bright seems exempted from the common custom, and Birmingham returns its favorite member without a contest. The candidate begins his labor by a printed appeal for the votes of the constituency. He defines his political principles in advertisements in all the leading journals and in placards pasted on every blank wall and friendly scaffolding. Public meetings follow, in which his nomination is confirmed, and an earnest throng of active politicians listen to his speeches, and question him closely as to his past or future conduct. Of the political projects and opinions avowed by the opposing candidates, some verge upon the intense loyalty of passive obedience, and some revile almost to the limits of revolution. The Conservative of the rural districts, who often owns nearly all the land he looks upon, whose constituents may be in great part his tenants or dependents, who speaks to an audience of whom not many can write their names, usually utters a brief address against the foes of church and crown. He is the friend of the farmer, and enlarges on the necessity of great landed estates. The Conservative of the city is more politic, and claims only that the nation is weary of perpetual reforms, and needs a period of rest. The moderate Liberals, of whom Mr. Gladstone is the chief, content themselves with evading the pressing questions of the day, promise a reign of economy for the future, direct attention to the various important reforms they have accomplished in the past five years, to the magnificent returns of the revenue, and the enormous growth of trade. Of the unequal distribution of its profits they have less to say.

But beneath the two ruling parties has risen up a species of opposition to both that demands bolder opinions and less guarded words. The extension of the suffrage in the cities, the spread of education, have produced a class of thinkers that are no longer satisfied with imperfect reforms. They require the speedy removal of all those feudal restrictions that weigh most heavily upon the industrious, the liberation of the working classes from all the disabilities of church and state. While the future heirs of the crown are wasting their stipends in Oriental revelries, while the great and the gay are plunging into new dissipation, the people are murmuring ominously at royal dowries, and pointing to the millions of paupers who are the natural fruit of long years of class legislation. The new party has already its candidates. They fill their addresses with declarations that threaten a complete revolution in English politics. One advanced Liberal demands the destruction of entails, the enlargement of the suffrage, the spread of compulsory education. The Non-conformists urge the disestablishment of the Church. The working classes require a representation in Parliament. One candidate denounces the cost of royalty; another points to the intolerable sufferings of the people. A more courageous class of politicians are rising up in England, and the growth of knowledge must tend at last to heal many of its woes.

In our land of universal suffrage political meetings are conducted with dignity and propriety, and of all the immense assemblages that have gathered in Cooper Institute or Union Square there has been none where free discussion has not been secured, and the addresses of rival candidates been delivered without molestation. Our voters, conscious of a perfect equality, of their unquestioned authority and influence, have long learned to grant to each other the immunity they require for themselves. But here, where universal suffrage is the terror of all quiet citizens, the conduct of the small portion of the community who are permitted to vote is such as would do discredit to any civilized people. Almost every political meeting or election is a scene of outrage and disorder. When Mr. Gladstone arose recently before an immense assemblage of his countrymen at Woolwich, while house-tops, windows, and every open space were thronged with those who were eager to listen to his graceful elocution, and his important review of his own policy and of the prospects of England, the outcries, the noise, the jostlings, and the constant disorder almost prohibited him from speaking at all. The greater part of his speech was altogether inaudible. The most eminent orator of the day could not obtain a hearing. Faint, weary, and unwell, often pausing to take some medical preparation, he persisted in his address, while no sentiment of interest or of fairness seemed to silence the Conservative throngs who clamored from their neighboring committee-room or pressed to and fro through the crowd. It was dangerous to approach too near the speaker. At his side sat his wife and daughter. There were several other ladies on the platform. I am confident that no New York audience could be found that would have countenanced even the slightest disorder upon so important an occasion or before an orator so eminent; that would not at least have been willing to listen even to what they could hardly approve. The reports from other political meetings show even greater disorders. In one the unlucky candidate, who has sat for many years in Parliament, was received with a succession of shouts and groans. "You're going in for a peerage," cried one satirical Conservative, amidst laughter and noise. The speech went on in a dumb-show. At last the Conservatives struck up *Rule Britannia* in the back part of the room, and the meeting closed in indescribable uproar. At Greenwich it was the turn of the Conservatives to suffer. The room was filled with their opponents. A wild tumult followed. The speakers could scarcely be heard at a distance of a few feet. A huge coal-heaver mounted a table and began gesticulating. He exhibited the Conservative placard, and one of his party had pinned a rosette of gay ribbons on his grimy dress. On each side of him stood a gentleman, armed with a cane, to defend him from his assailants. A general fight followed upon the platform, and its occupants were rolled down upon the heads of the audience. One of the chief officers of the government was recently quite severely treated in his labor of canvassing, and seems to have congratulated himself that only one female opponent "threw mud at him." At Denbigh the candidate was personally assaulted; at Lincoln the soldiers fired upon the mob; at Sunderland and Wolverhampton there were alarming riots. There are constituencies, no doubt, where education has softened the manners of the people, and where better order is preserved; yet it is certain that in none of our own electoral districts that I am acquainted with, in no portion of our territory, except, perhaps, in Georgia or in Texas, can there be found this system of intimidation and of personal violence that shows itself in the most enlightened districts of England. Universal suffrage produces a spirit of fairness and of self-respect. Still more discreditable to the method of class legislation is the wide prevalence of bribery. It takes an infinite variety of forms. When the candidate visits his constituent and begs his vote he almost enters into a compact to return the favor. The voter, I am told, not seldom insists upon his right to a proper reward. But bribery is applied in a more open form. The cost of an election, even in a small borough, is often enormous. It rises at times from two to ten thousand pounds. This money is expended by agents without the direct knowledge of the wealthy candidate, but not without his concurrence. And on election-day at Taunton recently the town ran with free beer, and all the taverns were thronged. The rude and drunken voters were purchased at a pound a man, and a high officer of the government, who has often declaimed strenuously against political corruption, ran in by a considerable majority. I am told that this mode of securing members is prevalent all over England; that the extreme ignorance of the voting class lays them open to the arts of active agents, and that he who supplies ale most liberally will make more converts than he who can furnish only arguments. Another mode of winning votes is intimidation. The great land-owners, often the masters of populous towns or of thickly settled districts, whose property, strictly entailed, can never be sold, hold over their tenants such a control in England as is known in no other country. They either elect themselves or their relatives to Parliament. One family has supplied members for the same constituency for seventy years. It may well be inferred that the mental abilities of these hereditary legislators are often the least of their qualifications. In one instance a great Conservative land-owner condescended to ask for the vote of a professional man whom he employed. The physician, who was a Liberal, politely evaded the request. From that moment the rural magnate never spoke to him nor required his services. Many intelligent Liberals are already ashamed of the abuses of their electoral system, and hope by enlarging the suffrage to amend them. Yet it may be reasonably inferred that members of Parliament who consent to the employment of dishonorable means for obtaining office can be no more worthy of confidence than the voters they have aided in corrupting.

In fact, a general election in our own country is a far more creditable spectacle of popular self-control than England has yet been able to exhibit. In our recent Presidential contest, when all the elements of disunion and discontent were stimulated into life, the canvassing passed off without disorder, the voting proceeded with accustomed regularity. There was no attempt in the educated portions of the country to check discussion or to intimidate the voter. The most unpopular views, the least patriotic orators, were heard with patience. Great meetings, to which that which recently gathered around England's Prime Minister and refused to hear him would seem only a small assemblage, passed off without disturbance. Processions as numerous as armies swept through our streets by day and night with peaceful regularity. The voting of our millions of freemen scarcely disturbed the public calm. There were no throngs of drunken men reeling through the streets as at Sheffield, Nottingham, or Wolverhampton, nor unlucky candidates pelted and tossed by riotous mobs. The intelligence of an educated nation repressed disorder at political meetings and at the polls, and by an immense majority elected the defenders of union and of peace. The English Liberals are anxious to profit from our example, to extend the suffrage, and enforce a general education.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Congressional record of the week is light. In the Senate the Centennial Bill was again discussed during parts of four days. Finally, it was resolved not to instruct the Appropriation Committee to report the $3,000,000 appropriation.—In the House, on the 2d inst., Mr. E. H. Roberts made a strong speech in opposition to the proposed repeal of the tax on matches.—In the Senate, on the 3d inst., Mr. Fenton presented a protest of prominent New York merchants against Secretary Richardson's action in issuing United States notes without the authority of law. The House, on the 3d inst., passed bills to amend the homestead laws, and to prevent the extermination of fur-bearing animals in Alaska. The railroad matter was again brought before the House, Mr. M'Crary urging the passage of his bill to regulate commerce among the several States.—Senator Carpenter made another speech, on the 4th inst., in support of his bill for a new election in Louisiana.—The Senate, on the 5th inst., passed the bill to encourage the growth of timber on the Western prairies. The Franking Bill was again defeated in the House, on the 5th inst., by 120 to 111, on a motion by Mr. Shanks, of Indiana, to reconsider the previous vote.—The Senate, on the 6th inst., passed the bill for a commission of inquiry into the liquor traffic.

Ex-President Millard Fillmore died at his residence in Buffalo on the night of the 8th inst. He had just passed the seventy-fourth anniversary of his birthday.

Chief Justice Waite took his seat on the United States Supreme Court bench on the 4th inst.

The bronze statue of Governor Clinton, contributed by the State of New York to the statue gallery of the national Capitol, was uncovered on the 2d inst.

An explosion of percussion-caps occurred on the 2d inst. in the store No. 900 Broadway, in this city, occupied by the "Parlor Artillery Company." The show-window was blown out, and the clerk and two ladies were seriously injured.

James B. Groome was inaugurated Governor of Maryland on the 4th inst., to fill the vacancy occasioned by the election of Governor William Pinckney Whyte to the United States Senate.

Mayor Havemeyer has nominated George H. Andrews for Police Commissioner, in place of Henry Smith, deceased.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Ex-President Cespedes of the Cuban republic was killed by the Spanish troops on the 27th ult. He was discovered by his murderers through the agency of a condemned negro, whose life was spared as a consideration. His companions succeeded in getting away, but he could not escape, and while closely pursued by a detachment of troops led by a sergeant, he turned and fired off six shots from his revolver. This was returned by the troops, and Cespedes received bullets in the head and breast, causing instant death. His body was taken to Santiago de Cuba, and buried on the 1st inst.

The latest news from General Wolseley, dated February 7, announces the capture and burning of Coomassie and the flight of the king. The British troops have commenced their return march to the coast. In congratulating his troops the general says, "England is proud of such men, and I am proud of the honor of commanding them."

The new British Parliament assembled on the 5th inst. Mr. Brand was re-elected Speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone was most warmly received by the Liberal members when he entered the hall, and took his seat on the front opposition bench. The search of the Parliament building, which has been customary since the discovery of the Guy Fawkes plot, was made before the assembling of the Lords and Commons.

The Earl of Pembroke has been appointed British Under-Secretary for the War Department, and the Earl of Rosslyn Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Twenty persons were killed and many seriously wounded by a boiler explosion at Blackburn, England, on the 2d inst.

Fifteen of the crew of the *Grace Darling*, which went ashore off the Scotch coast during the recent gales, were drowned. Four men belonging to the life-saving station were drowned in attempting to rescue the crew.

The remains of Dr. Livingstone will be transported from Africa to England at the public expense.

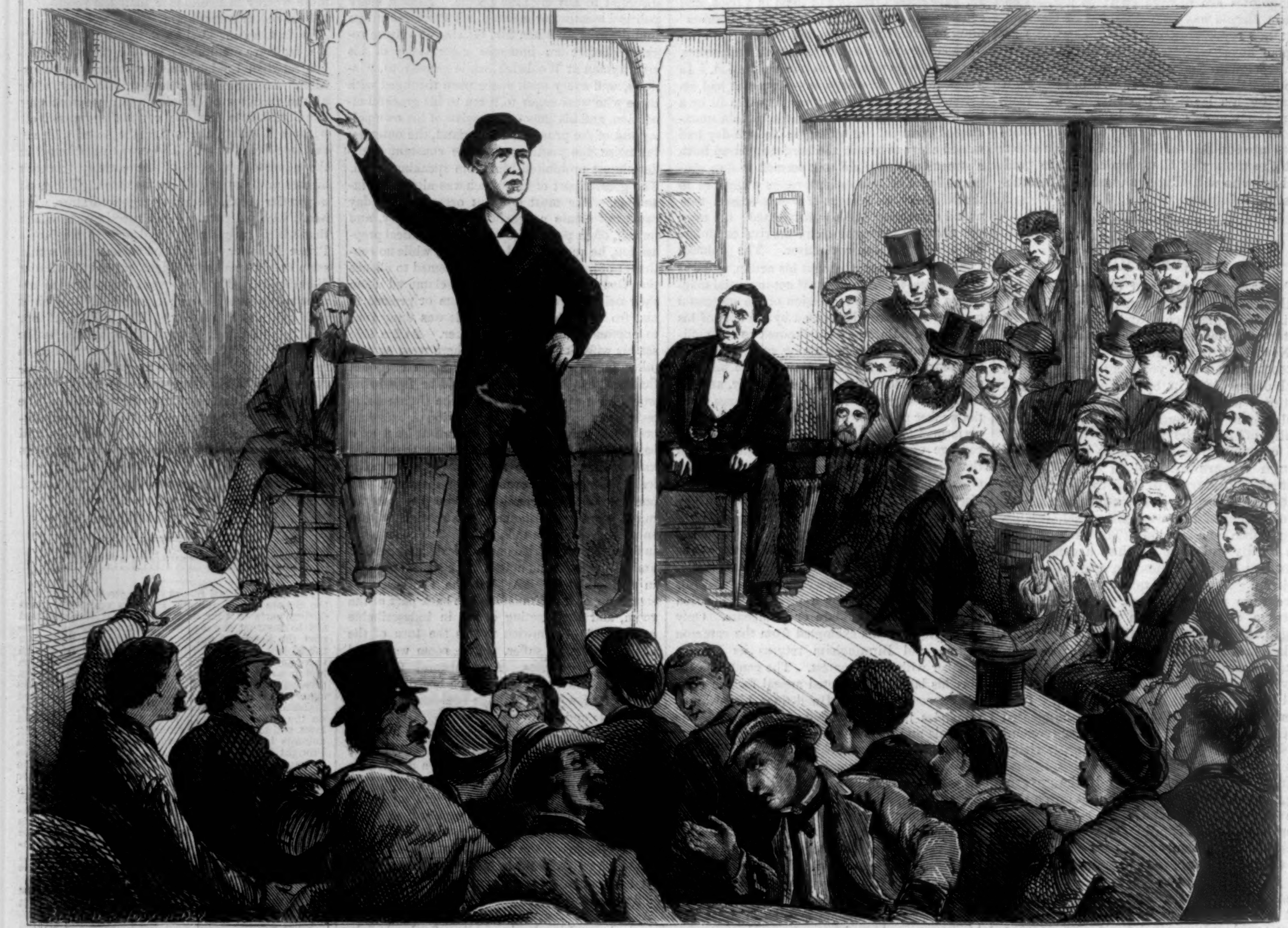
The steamship *Sedra* was lost in a storm recently on the way from Newcastle to Port Said. Thirty persons were drowned.

The Prussian Federal Council has ordered to be distributed to the states of the empire a further installment of 42,000,000 thalers of the French indemnity.

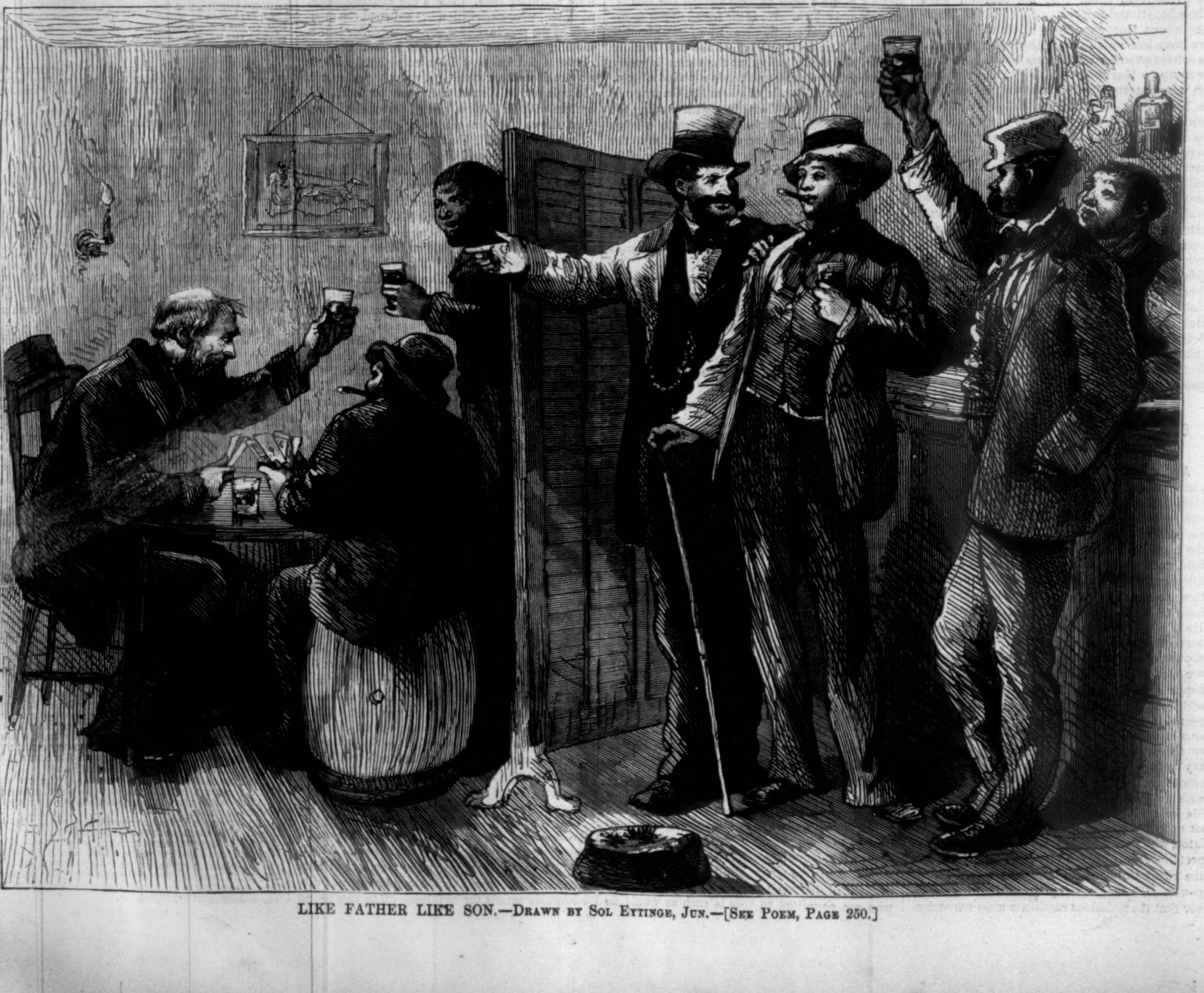
The insurrection in Spain has not yet been put down. Five thousand government troops, encamped near the village of Somorrostro, were surprised recently by the Carlists, and a battle took place. One thousand republicans were killed; of the rest some were taken prisoners, and the others were drowned in attempting to cross a river in the way of their retreat.

The French Academy has postponed the contemplated reception to M. Emile Ollivier because he persists in retaining in his inaugural address a eulogy of the late Emperor.

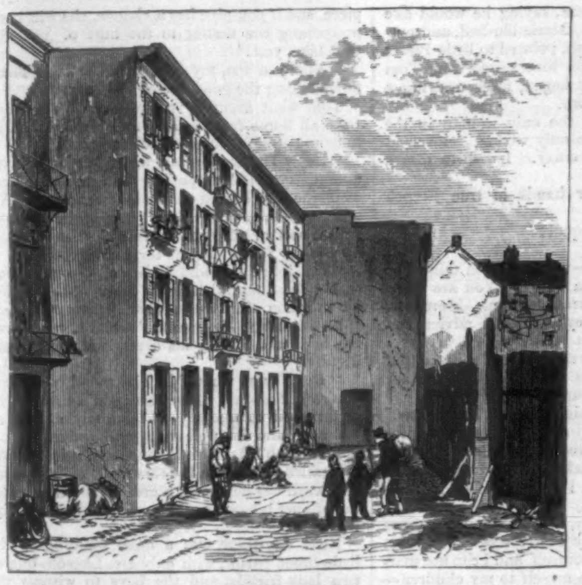
The famine in India has assumed alarming proportions. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal reports that 1,070,000 persons are starving to death in the districts affected by the famine. The Viceroy and Governor-General telegraphs that the government will be obliged to maintain 3,000,000 persons for three months. The expenditures on account of the famine thus far are estimated at $7,500,000.



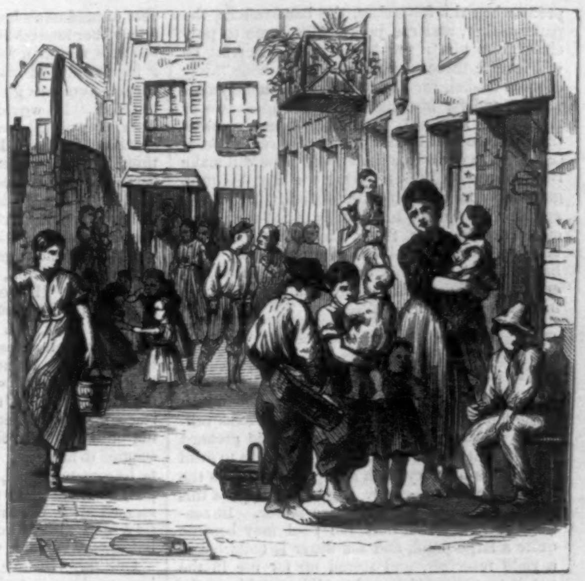
THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE IN NEW YORK—INITIATING THE MOVEMENT AT HARRY HILL'S.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 258.]



LIKE FATHER LIKE SON.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 250.]



EXTERIOR VIEW.



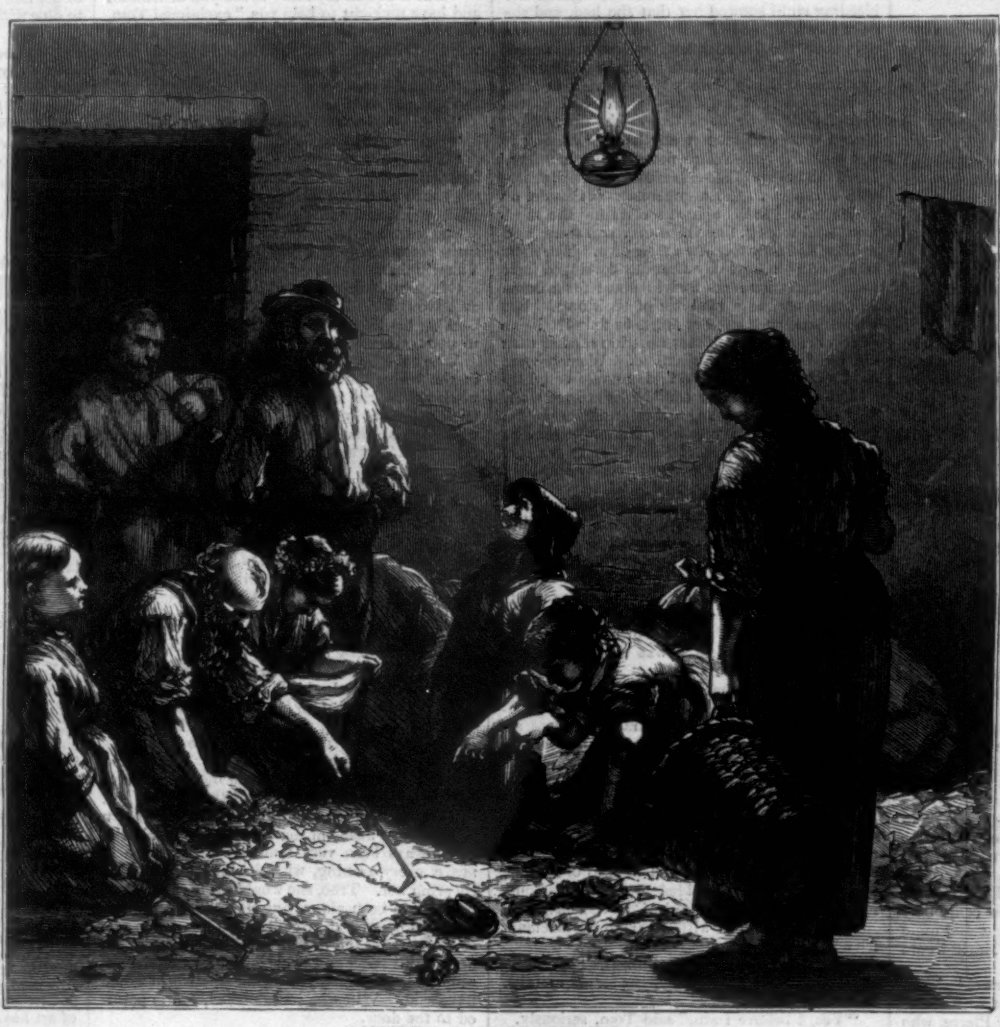
CHILDREN IN THE COURT.

THE RAG-PICKERS AT HOME.

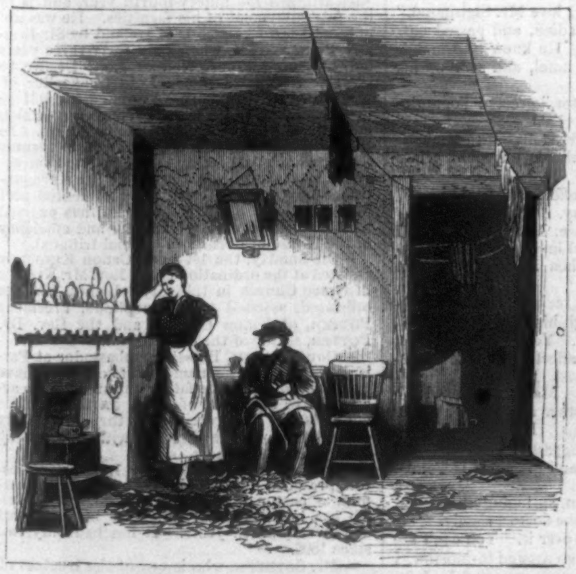
The adage that one-half of the world knows not how the other half lives applies to the commonest occupations—even to journalism, literature, and art; but in the great metropolis there are hundreds of unostentatious toilers whose lives, and means and ends thereof, are familiar only to the policeman and the sanitary inspector. They form an indispensable part of the industrial system, but they are not to be found in brick warehouses; they are organized, but are never heard of in labor movements. The aggregate of their toil is immensely valuable, but the individual's part is deemed useless and worthless. Haunting the purlieus and by-ways, they are scouted as vagabonds, but in the midst of vice they are passably honest, and though next-door neighbors to squalid pauperism, they have unquestionable independence and exemplary thrift. We have especial reference to the rag-pickers of New York, than whom there are no laborers more humble, yet, in comparison with numbers, more important, and about whose existence there is deeper mystery. A mere passing glimpse of them is not often obtained, and if, more intent upon every unpleasant mound of garbage and scrap of waste than upon the streams of humanity, they shun us in the street, we, too, have a pardonable instinct to increase our distance both from them and their suspicious-looking burdens. Intimacy is not sought upon one side, nor granted upon the other. As ready with their crooks as surgical students are with their lancets, they assiduously probe the contents of the ash-barrel and the crevices of the gutter, rejecting neither bits of wood, broken glass, nor metal. They are quick but careful in separating the marketable from the unmarketable, and having made their choice from one of the many heaps of dirt in our streets, they shuffle toward others, until their capacious bags are stout and weighty. In their work they are exceedingly diligent, meditative, and lynx-eyed. Should one rag-picker find that another has anticipated him at any spot, he is at once assured from past experience as well as from intuitive belief that it is a waste of time to turn over one grain of the same dust. Its treasures have been exhausted, he well knows, and there is scarcely a possibility that one atom of junk has been left behind.

The habitations of these strange people are scattered on the east side of the city, between Grand and Rivington streets, but the greatest number, appreciating the social and business advantages of society, have retained possession for nearly fifty years of a block of tenements, approached by an alley-way from No. 119½ Willet Street, between Stanton and East Houston streets, which is named by the other denizens of the locality "Rag-pickers' Row." This is the Mecca of the *chiffonnier*, his birth-place, and probably his last resort, although, if he is sober, frugal, and industrious, there is a rural haven where, as we shall subsequently show, he may spend his closing days. The exteriors of the houses do not immediately attract attention. In some lights they suggest, with their frequent fire-escape balconies, enlarged sheets of soiled music; but except that they are more substantial, they do not differ from the ordinary run of tenements. Men and women of every age are constantly passing in with heavy loads on their backs, and out on new expeditions with empty sacks lightly thrown across their sunburnt arms. Within we shall find more to interest us; and ascending a flight of deeply worn steps in the first house, we enter the quarters of Martin Schreiber, who for over thirty years has been the leading spirit and director of the community. Previously, in the years 1833 and 1834, he was employed as Washington Irving's servant while that author was living with his brother Ebenezer at No. 3 Bridge Street, in the First Ward, and he relates a characteristic story of his master's touching benevolence. Martin's father and mother lived in Havre, France, and the son was very anxious that they should join him in America, but he was unable to save sufficient money to cover the expense of their passage. Irving heard this from Martin one day, and he at once wrote to the consul at Havre requesting that the old couple be provided with passages and outfits, the cost of which he promised to defray. It certainly appears strange that literary reminiscences should be included in the heterogeneous stores at Rag-pickers' Row. Neither Martin nor his wife has the slightest fear of the health-officer who accompanies us. They first conduct us through their own rooms, which are crammed with cheap finery, and then introduce us to other occupants of the buildings. In each house there are twelve or fifteen families, who pay a rental of from six to ten dollars a month for three or four rooms. A vile stench fills the place, but still there are many evidences of heroic efforts toward cleanliness. The floors are scrubbed daily, all refuse is carefully removed to a stated repository, and penalties are attached to violations of rules enacted by Martin for the sanitary government of his subjects. In one apartment we find Marie Geiss, a handsome woman, aged sixty-seven, who has supported her maimed and helpless husband for three years by rag-picking. In another room lives a woman who maintains herself and four young children, by the same profession. In unexpected quarters human nature is sometimes vindicated, and proof obtained that charity exists elsewhere than in high places. The community is composed of Germans and French, who, when their labors are over, give the rein to their naturally light hearts, and indulge in merriment in striking contrast to their dismal occupations. They drink, but not to excess, and they nearly all are members of Roman Catholic or Lutheran churches.

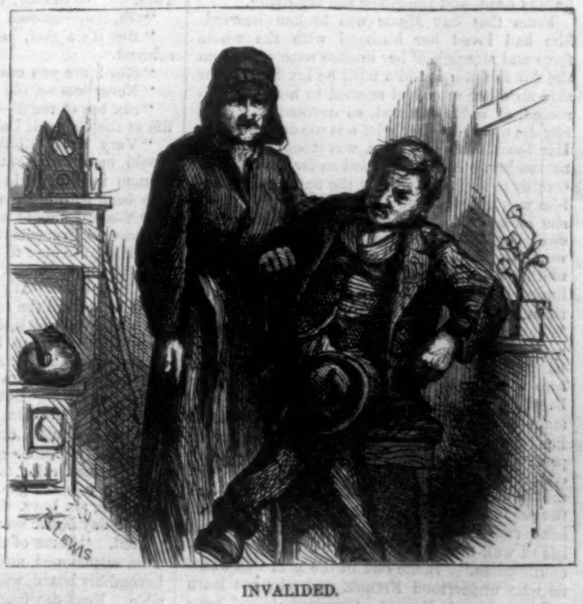
The rag-picker starts from the Row between four and six o'clock every morning, and returns in time for breakfast at eight. But before he thinks of the pleasure of satisfying the appetite, he proceeds to the cellars underneath the houses, and there empties the yield of his journey upon the ground, that he may separate the fat from the glass and the iron from the rags. Twelve men and women, all advanced in age, are kneeling to the same work by the yellow light of an oil lamp. It is a weird picture. The faces of the workers have a ghastly aspect; the low roof and dark walls are steeped in shadows. The work is done in silence. If the rag-picker were in a diamond field he could not be more absorbed, and, indeed, he has a hope that through somebody's carelessness he may some day discover a real jewel in the dross that ordinarily falls to his lot. When he has thoroughly assorted the contents of his sack, he calculates how much he will



ASSORTING RAGS IN THE CELLAR.



CUTTING RAGS FOR RAG CARPETS.



INVALIDED.

SKETCHES IN RAG-PICKERS' ROW.—[Drawn by R. Lewis.]

profit when the fat-melter, the bone-refiner, the paper-maker, and the junk-dealer come to purchase from him a few hours later. For fat he will receive three cents a pound, for bone thirty cents a bushel, for rags two dollars a hundred-weight, and for his bits of iron and glass two or three cents a pound. If he has been fortunate, the produce of his first round will realize from seventy-five cents to a dollar, and as he will make two more expeditions during the day, his total gains may amount to three dollars. In his old age he may remove to a colony of old-time associates at Limaville, Stark County, Ohio. Five families formerly resident in Rag-pickers' Row have already done this, and have purchased several hundred acres of land, which are said to be in a high state of cultivation.

AN OASIS ALONG THE TRACK.

THE illustration on our front page portrays a scene familiar to travelers along the Texas railways. Scarcity of water is one of the greatest evils in that State, and the railroads have to avail themselves of every ditch and pool that gives the least promise of a supply, however scanty, of this indispensable source of motive power. In seasons of heavy rain-falls the pool may become quite a large pond, and the water is collected in a rude reservoir, and stored up for use in the not distant time of drought. The machinery for pumping the water into the tank from which the engines are fed is driven by a mule or horse, attended by a man, who is at the same time overseer of the whole establishment.

The place may be lonely, miles and miles away from the nearest house. The only excitement is when a train stops to take in water. A few words exchanged with the brakemen or the engineer, a shrill whistle, and away flies the train, leaving the drowsy driver and the drowsy mule to their monotonous round. But the traveler's eye has been refreshed by the sight of grass and trees, and he can again face the dry and desolate prairie with a lighter heart.

TOM'S FOOLISHNESS.

"ANOTHER girl! and girls are of no earthly use in France without a dowry;" and Monsieur Marillac stalked out of his house in a rage.

The little new-comer, who was named Marie, was the fifth daughter come to vex the paternal committee of ways and means. As matrimony is the chief end of a French girl's existence, it was no wonder that poor monsieur received the congratulations of his friends with his heart wrong side out.

But little Marie throve in spite of the frowns, and at sixteen had developed into a fine, handsome, and brave girl, so that her father was wont to stroke her long brown hair, and say, "True, you are a *girl*, Marie, but you have all the qualities of a man. That is a great comfort."

At this time Marie had two lovers—one old, rich, and whose suit her father favored; the other, young and not rich, whom Marie loved, and married without the blessing of her father. Her husband had just completed a medical education. He was tall and handsome, and his name Pierre Marquerat. A week after their marriage Pierre found himself nearly penniless, and the young husband and wife soon after bade good-by to France, to seek a home and fortune in America. They landed in New York, beginning the work of home-making with empty hands, but strong hearts full of love. Pierre gradually won a place for himself and his profession, which, added to Marie's excellent management, furnished them with all the real comforts of home. But every year or two brought a baby, until there were seven, all boys. "Ah! if my father could only see my seven boys, he would adore me, and quite forgive me for being a girl myself," Marie would proudly say.

When the youngest was three years old almost the entire family was stricken down with fever. From days and nights of watching, Pierre, who was less strong than Marie, became prostrate—from fatigue, his physician said; but he would be quite well after a little rest. In two hours he was dead, and the eldest son lay dying.

From that day Marie was broken-hearted. She had loved her husband with the whole force and strength of her intense nature. From the day she married him until he lay dead at her side no other man had seemed to her so large-souled, so noble-hearted, so devoted and true. She did not weep—her grief was too deep for that. Her heart, if she had one, was stone. Nothing moved her. All sorrows fell so far short of her own as to seem not worthy the name of sorrow. She was still so young, barely thirty-three, and she already had drunk to the very dregs the sweetest and saddest of life's wine. For her woman's heart there was nothing left. For her mother's heart there were six boys, and for her brains and her hands the care and support of them. She had her home, but no income now. What could she do? Teach French, and take a few boarders. So a few weeks' time saw the happy, bright-eyed, vivacious Marie changed into a pale, sad, black-robed woman, with her handsome boys gathered about her like a constellation, and half a dozen gentlemen to sit at her table and learn French. Most of them were professional men, while one or two were her own countrymen. The first to come was Tom Sigismond, partner in a down-town tea house, and the pet of a bachelor coterie, many of whom had been classmates in college, and led the usual life of well-to-do city fellows who have no "incumbrances." Some one in the firm was wanted who understood French, and why not learn it himself? A Franco-American friend gave him Madame Marquerat's address. The artlessness of madame's broken English, and the sweetness of her broken-hearted face, made the formal business matter a foregone conclusion. And so it happened that being the first by a day on the carpet, Tom was given the late doctor's place at table, if "he would be so good as to carve." Carving was as new and untried a business as speaking French. But he was a fellow to do any thing for a woman except marry her. He would carve if he amputated his hands in the operation. And then those six distracting boys, with their interminable French chatter, with their "maman, maman, maman," kissing her, hugging her, rubbing their heads against her, overwhelming her with their devotion, and trying her patience to the utmost! How could he ever expect to learn all their pretty French names, much less abide in the midst of such a bedlam?

And so each and all of the gentlemen thought, but had their wonderings answered by the nameless graces of the widowed madame. Day by day only enhanced their admiration, and astonished them with her capabilities. From morning until evening neither her hands nor her feet seemed to find rest. There were always the boys to be sent to school, the market, her French pupils, her household to superintend; and yet she seemed always so incapable of fatigue, always so tidy, and always courteous and ready to talk, but always so very, very sad.

One day Gustave, the third boy, was brought in from the street with the blood streaming from a wound in his head. It had been nearly a year since Pierre had died, and until now Marie had thought she had no heart. But the sight of her bleeding child showed her that she had, and she gave way to a flood of tears. After that she was quite like the impulsive, vivacious, and warm-hearted Marie of old. She was a Frenchwoman in a thousand ingenious ways—so rich in tact, in expediency, in helpfulness; but had it not been for all those boys, one might never have known what a character she had. One day it was teaching little Pierre never to lie; another, Louis the beauty of unselfishness; another, courteous manners to Colet, generosity to Claude, or patience to Paul. She was certainly the most wonderful mother these men ever had seen; and neither had they forgotten their own. The sight of her and her boys day after day developed their own fatherly instincts and longings for a home and fireside and a madame of their own. But where could such another Marie be found? None of them asked himself that question oftener than did handsome Tom Sigismond. Women were so tremendously deceitful! He could count up a score of "perfect beauties" he had flirted with, who smiled sweetly, sang and talked like seraphs, and made bewildering toilets; but he declared he knew them to be perfect Xantippes in temper. (That was before Xantippe's amiability had been exonerated.) If *he* married, and he certainly never should, but if he *did*, he wanted to *know* the woman. Calling now and then, seeing her in the parlor, going to opera and concert, riding in Central Park, and the like, furnished no real clew to her character. Moreover, there was no way to find out, unless one interviewed her maid, or engaged in her employ under the guise of coachman. Even if they were angels, he was afraid of angels, unless it was this French one with her six cherubs.

Of course he learned French with a vengeance. It was a wonderfully courteous language, seeming fitted for only lords and ladies. He was astonished that he had not learned it before. It was "Voulez-vous quelque chose, madame?" in the morning and at night. He charged himself with commissions, and finally grew to taking the boys out by twos for a walk or ride. At the end of three years he was the only original boarder left. He had conjugated the verb *aimer* through all its moods and tenses, and instead of looking further for a Marie, decided to sue for this one, including the satellites, Louis, Colet, Gustave, etc.

One day he fell in with a pair of his bachelor friends.

"Where do you keep yourself, Tom?" inquired one. "I haven't seen you for six months. In love, eh, old fellow?"

"Yes, I believe I am," said Tom, seriously.

"One more unfortunate!" doled out the other. "Young, rich, and pretty, I suppose?"

"Yes, young, rich, and beautiful," answered Tom. "No money, a widow, and six boys."

"Oh, that—excuse me—but that's too thin."

"But it's a *fact*," said Tom; and the friends sobered.

"Hey! are you crazy, old boy?"

"Never less so, old fellow."

"Six boys! the d—ickens! That's beginning life at the top end, I should say."

"Very likely; but if there were twelve, it would be all the same. There isn't another woman in the world like her! She's French. I've been learning French."

"Y-e-s, I should *say* so—by *heart*. Did you propose en Français, à la Français?"

"Haven't come to that yet."

"Ah! then you're not hopelessly lost?"

"Yes, I am. It's a gone case. If she says no, I'm hers all the same."

Of course they had abundant reason to think he was a fool. Any body would, when he could marry any one of the twenty "splendid girls," but instead choose a widow dowered with half a dozen boys! But then he had got beyond public opinion. But what would Marie think? and what would Louis and Gustave and Colet and all those other graded thinkers think? It was no small thing to attack a heart surrounded by such a home-guard. But faint heart, etc., including six boys.

One day Marie seemed unusually sad and perplexed. "Some of those horrible bills to meet," Tom suspicioned, and he couldn't offer her a cent beyond his board, which he made as high as possible. Next day found her face no brighter, and after the boys were all in bed he knocked at madame's little sitting-room, saying he would like to come in for a while. Marie blushed, and putting her finger to her lips, pointed to little Pierre asleep on a sofa. A low tone suited what Tom had to say, and so he began, after drawing a chair vis-à-vis to her own.

"Madame, you are the only woman in the world I *know*, and the only woman I love. I am neither a fool nor crazy. I wish to marry you."

Marie threw up her hands in true French horror.

"Marry me! Pourquoi?"

"For yourself."

"But my six boys!—what can you think?"

"I think they need a father. You are wearing your life out to care for them. Moreover, as they grow older they will need advice and guidance that you can scarcely give. That I want to marry you and the six boys is proof that I love you six times as much as it is necessary to love a woman without children."

"Oh, but you will think different to-morrow."

"No; I made up my mind to this six months ago. I have only waited hoping that time and circumstances would make you need me as much as I need you. I hope I am not wholly indifferent to you?"

"You have been very, very good. But no one can be to me what my Pierre was. I can not allow you to sacrifice yourself, and I can not marry again. I must give myself to my children—les pauvres garçons!" and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"But it breaks my heart to see you distressed, and have no right to help you," exclaimed Tom, seizing the fair white hand, that bore only a worn wedding-ring, and kissing it in a desperate way.

"Ah, then you must go away," sighed Marie.

"And never see you again?"

"Only as my friend."

"And you have no other answer?"

"None other, monsieur."

"Promise me one thing. If you can at any future time give me a different answer, grant me the honor of telling you again how entirely my life is yours, and yours only."

She smiled sadly. "There is always hope in such promises, and I would not deceive you. You will thank me for this some day, if not now."

Of course Tom protested that he never would, and avowed his loyalty and devotion, and then, packing his traps, went to a hotel without a word to any body.

When the fact of his departure became known in the house the boys were furious, and overwhelmed Marie with questionings. Each one missed him in his own peculiar way, and, "I wish, I do, that Monsieur Sigismond would come back!" greeted Marie's ears many times a day. And she, poor thing! missed him a thousand times more and more as the days went on, until it was no longer any use for her to deny to herself that she loved him *almost* as much as she had Pierre. And was she quite sure that she ought not to have said "Yes" for the *boys'* sake?

One day Colet came dancing in like a wild boy. "Oh, maman, I met Monsieur Sigismond to-day, and he asked how the dear, beautiful maman was, and about all the boys; and I asked him why he went away, and he said he didn't want to, and that he was just dying to come back, but you wouldn't let him. Say, maman, is *that* so? Mayn't I tell him he may come back?"

"No, no, Colet; mother thinks he is very good, and hopes that some day he will come back without mother's saying so." But he did not come; and although Marie devoted herself to the boys, her heart ached all the day.

Her old friend, Dr. Lauson, who had known her and her husband for many years, and who had always been very fond of Marie, came in nearly every evening, with the kind intention of cheering her. True, she would rather a hundred times have been alone, but she was too kind to appear otherwise than glad to see him. On one of these visits the doctor surprised her with an offer of his hand and heart: a very sensible, appropriate, and worthy husband, the world would have said. When he had finished, Marie pointed to the door.

"Never come through that again with such a thought or wish in your heart," she said, almost passionately. "I do not love you; I can not love you; I never can love you. You are my friend; I will be frank with you: I love Mr. Sigismond."

The doctor bowed an adieu, and passed out. He was a generous soul. He knew Sigismond. He went straight to his hotel, and sent up his card to Tom.

"Glad to see you, doctor," greeted Tom, giving his hand in a cordial clasp.

"I've just been and offered myself to Madame Marquerat," blurted out the doctor, sinking into an easy-chair.

"Ah, and am I to offer congratulations?" said Tom, in a forced way.

"Yes, I think you are, Mr. Sigismond. I certainly should if I stood in your boots."

"Yes? Well, and when is the happy event to come off?"

"Any time *you* say, I reckon;" and the doctor ran his fingers through his sparse locks.

"*I* say?—that's clever. You speak in riddles. I hope the event has not affected—clouded—disturbed—your—your—"

"Yes, I think it has. Madame showed me the door. She loves another man, Sir—another man."

"Her poor Pierre," suggested Tom.

"No, it's a live man, and his name is Tom—Tom Sigismond."

"What!" shouted Tom, springing up.

"E-h-h?" responded the doctor, slowly. "It is best not to be excited over it. You can't see her to-night; but if you go around to-morrow, I think you can fix the matter up; and I advise you to *rush* matters. I know Marie. She loves you, my boy—she loves you; but she is a proud piece, and if you give her a chance, she will keep postponing the matter to the hurt of you all. God bless you!"

"And you too, my dear man!" added Tom, fairly taking the good doctor in his arms.

Tom went around "to-morrow." The boys were all home from school, and Marie stood in their midst adjusting some difficulty.

"I saw Dr. Lauson last night, Madame Marquerat," began Tom, putting his arm about her, while the boys looked on in silent wonder. "We will be *married* to-morrow." He spoke as if an appeal was an utter impossibility. "Boys, what do you say for having me for your father?"

"Oh, jolly! splendid!" they all shouted; and seeing the doubtful look on Marie's face, which by intuition they interpreted, began to plead, "Yes, maman; do, please!" while Louis, drawing back and folding his arms, said, with great dignity,

"I tell you what, Mr. Sigismond, we think you're a first-rate fellow, but you'll have to be awful good to mother. I'm nearly as tall as you now, and I'm well up in gymnastics."

"Hush, hush, Louis!" laughed Marie, waving the entire corps from the room. What happened afterward has happened a great many times, and the oftener it happens the more it baffles description.

Next day there was a quiet wedding in the little home parlor, with only Dr. Lauson, one or two lady friends, and the boys to witness the ceremony. Tom's friends declared the fellow was a fool. But his mode of reconciling them to his fate was most effectual. He invited them to dine with him, to show off his boys, make them envy him his Marie, and enjoy the most delicious dinners in New York; and they invariably went away confessing that Tom was not such a very great fool after all. That was five years ago; and as an illustration of the power of example, three out of the five bachelors have married widows with daughters, whom they laughingly declare shall marry the Marquerat boys. *Nous verrons.*

PERSONAL.

WE understand it to be a matter of general congratulation among the members of the bar that the Governor has designated Judge DANIELS, of Buffalo, to be the colleague of Judges DAVIS and BRADY in the Supreme Court General Term for this district. For the next four years, therefore, a considerable portion of his time will be passed in this city. The press of Western New York, irrespective of party, are expressing regret at the necessity which deprives them of any portion of his time. The Lockport *Journal* says, "The people of the Eighth Judicial District will deeply regret to part with Judge DANIELS, as they appreciate his eminent fitness for the discharge of his official duty, while in social intercourse he is always the upright, amiable, and genial Christian gentleman."

—The following curious instance of "mistaken identity" is from a recent art criticism in *Appleton's Journal*. Referring to the late water-color exhibition, the writer says:

> "Among the surprising features of the exhibition were several comic sketches by CHURCH, which appeared to us to possess more genuine power than any pictures of his we ever saw. It seems strange that the painter of the 'Heart of the Andes' and 'Niagara' may, perhaps, really have his *forte* in drawing comic chickens, but no one, we venture to say, even among those who could look unmoved upon his Cordilleras and deserts, his Damascus or Jerusalem, could fail to feel an innocent sensation of delight in watching a row of draggled, long-legged, pert, and homely water-birds, small-throated, and with big heads, dismal and forlorn, straggling along after being subjected to a good drenching. The companion-picture, 'Out for a Morning Bath,' is equally humorous in its way, and though both these little drawings are as slight as slight can be, the sense of humor they show, and the sympathy with bird-life they indicate, as good in its way as that of BEWICK, make us almost regret that CHURCH's genius had not led him to comic rather than to 'high' art."

It would be strange, indeed, if Mr. F. E. CHURCH, painter of the "Heart of the Andes," etc., should take to "drawing comic chickens." The humorous drawings on which the discriminating critic of *Appleton's* bestows such well-deserved praise were from the pencil of Mr. F. S. CHURCH, whose inventive genius in this line of art has frequently afforded amusement to the readers of *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar*.

—Lord ST. LEONARDS, who is the only living ex-Lord Chancellor who has ever held the Great Seal successively in Ireland and England, has just attained his ninety-fourth year, and is in the full enjoyment of his faculties. He was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland by Sir ROBERT PEEL in 1834, when only forty-three years old, and on the accession of Lord DERBY to power, in 1852, was made Lord Chancellor of England. In this office he applied himself to the reform of the law with an energy which more than surpassed public expectation. In 1858 Lord DERBY again solicited him to resume the Lord Chancellorship. He declined on account of advanced age, though he has since, until recently, taken an active and influential part in the business of Parliament, and has exerted himself to keep up the character and efficiency of the House of Lords as a judicial tribunal.

—On Sunday, the 1st inst., Canon KINGSLEY assisted at the ordination of the Rev. Mr. KIRKUS in Grace Church in this city. Bishop POTTER officiated, assisted by his nephews, President POTTER, of Union College, and the Rev. Dr. POTTER, rector of the church.

—Count ARNIM, Prussian embassador at Paris, is the third of his name and family who have filled that office. His father and uncle were accredited to the court of LOUIS PHILIPPE. The count is not well received by the old nobility of France, nor is he greeted with effusion by Frenchmen of any sort.

—On the 2d inst. the Rev. Dr. BARTOL, of Boston, preached his thirty-seventh anniversary sermon as pastor of the West Church. That parish has had only four ministers in a hundred and twenty-seven years. It has had only two since 1806.

—Mr. SOTHERN, who is one of the trustees of the Royal Dramatic Fund, of England, has been again indulging in one of his characteristic acts of generosity. It was found at the end of last year that the fund needed $1395 to meet claims, and this sum was promptly contributed by Mr. Sothern. Two years ago Mr. S. went over to London expressly to act for the benefit of the fund, and last year he gave it $500. It is said that Mr. Sothern's late engagement in San Francisco was pecuniarily the most successful ever played by any actor in any country in any age.

—Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, the Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, is eighty years old, and a native of Bristol, Rhode Island. He has been Bishop of Kentucky forty-two years, and has latterly resided in Hoboken. He is an interesting man, clear-headed, decided, kindly, and earnest, and with his moderate salary, his plain living, devout spirit, and republican feeling, is a model of his order. He preaches without notes, is opposed to ritualism, but is decided on the apostolic succession.

—Canon Kingsley went over to Brooklyn the other Sunday morning to hear Canon Beecher preach. It affected him. After sermon he shook hands with Mr. Beecher, but could not say much. He was greatly affected. He turned to look at the flowers that adorned the platform until he could collect himself, and then said to Rev. Halliday, Mr. Beecher's assistant: "With all I have heard and read of Mr. Beecher, I did not dream of any thing like this. I never listened to such eloquence; I never heard such a Christian sermon. It is so far beyond our English preachers—he takes such a vast range!"

—It is a consolatory thing to have a proprietary interest in a successful daily paper; and how quickly every paper finds out things about every other paper! For example, that very ably conducted and opulent journal, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, says: "Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, is nearly sixty. He walks in an erect and haughty way, with firm and lively step. He is very strong, and has a solidly built frame. His eyes are sound and clear, and his voice is stiff and hard as ever. It is marvelous to see how little he has changed in twenty years. Dana has grown rich through his proprietary interest in the *Sun* during the last five years; and his income from his paper and from the *American Cyclopedia* (the second edition of which he is now editing, in company with Mr. Ripley) might safely be put down at a hundred thousand dollars a year for all the rest of the years of his life."

—Mr. Disraeli's first lieutenant in the new House of Commons will be Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who makes a rattling, common-sense speech, fluent, plucky, and never over the heads of his audience. Conservatives place confidence in him. They feel at ease with his plainness and sincerity, and his hot, strong, every-day words go home to their hearts. He is an excellent man of business.

—The death of Madame De Segur, the authoress, is announced in the European papers. She was the daughter of Count Rostopchin, who fired Moscow at the time of Napoleon's invasion.

—Ex-Governor Seymour, in urging the commemoration of the battle of Saratoga, characterizes that engagement as one of the very few in the world's history that were far-reaching in results, and shaped the destiny of nations.

—Mr. De Courcy Stubbs, who is established on the "staff" of a St. Louis journal, alludes feelingly to the death of an artisan of that metropolis as one who "had accumulated a little money and ten children."

—Professor Weiss, the European astronomer, who was in this country on a tour of terrestrial observation in 1872, says our trouble is not lack of observatories, but lack of men to use them. "On the eastern side of the Atlantic the man of science must wait for his apparatus; on the western, the apparatus waits for the man."

—The late John M. Earle was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and at the same time editor of the Worcester *Spy*. He used to write his leaders in the cars on the way to Worcester at night, frequently penciling his criticism of public men and measures on the margin of the Boston *Journal*. His penmanship was notably good, and his leaders frequently ran all over the margin of the paper, requiring many twistings and turnings and foldings of the same. He was a good man, although a member of the Legislature.

—Among the coming men in the new Parliament, according to the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, is Mr. W. H. Smith, the great London news agent. Whatever W. H. Smith does is always right in the eyes of all newspapers published in London. He represents a great and singular monopoly—holding all, or nearly all, the book-stalls at the railway stations by contract with the railway companies, and on the railway stalls depends a very considerable part of the circulation of newspapers. No new paper has a ghost of a chance unless Mr. Smith chooses to admit it to his stalls. But Mr. S. is a good, wise, and sensible man himself, which, with the news matter, gives him exceptional prominence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Since leaving Edinburgh, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the American evangelists, have held meetings in Dundee and Glasgow. The same success has followed their work in these cities as in the capital of Scotland. At Dundee nine days were spent, from January 28 to February 7. Several services were held each day, and on Friday, February 6, an all-day meeting, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. During the entire six hours the place of assembly was so packed with people that all the standing room was occupied. On Sunday, February 8, service was opened in the City Hall of Glasgow, with an attendance of 3000 persons. It is noticeable that the value of the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey is attested by such eminent Scotchmen as Lord Cavan and Rev. Drs. Duff, Hanna, Blaikie, Thomson, and others of like standing in the Church. In Edinburgh, on one evening, four simultaneous services were held, all of them crowded.

Mr. Moody is described as a man of middle stature, dark-featured, with black beard and mustache, and a keen, piercing eye. His Americanisms in language are noticed, but are said to "give piquancy to his addresses." The part which Mr. Sankey takes is solo singing, and in this he is described as very effective.

The establishment of Sunday-schools in some parts of Germany is not without its difficulties. In Nuremberg, last October, the first attempt was made, and a school was opened in the Reformed church by a minister, assisted by seventeen ladies of respectable families. Very soon the school was assailed in the public prints, and the motives of the teachers were rudely questioned. The police were called upon to interfere. Finally, a magistrate prohibited the holding of the services, and fined the two ministers interested thirty thalers for opening a new school without a license. The prevailing Protestant faith in Nuremberg is Lutheran.

The negotiations for union between the Reformed and the Southern Presbyterian Church have been going on in this city. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, presides. Nothing is known definitely of results, though it is anticipated that some form of association will be adopted.

Bishop M'Quaid, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Rochester, lectured in this city on Sunday evening, March 1, on the "Public-school System." He has long been known for his vigorous opposition to our State schools. He stated that he was opposed to them on two grounds. The first was religious, because a people can not be successfully educated without religion; the second was political, because the principles underlying the school system are false. One of these is the right claimed by the State to educate.

This controversy is gradually being narrowed to the single issue of the powers of the State. It will be an advantage to have that issue distinctly made, as it is made by Bishop M'Quaid.

A Liberal Baptist Union has been formed in the city of Brooklyn. Its design is stated to be "the promotion within the Baptist denomination of the doctrine of Christian liberty in relation to the Lord's Supper." A Central Council of fifty has been formed, and the signatures of Baptists have been invited.

Legislation intended to repress the Church goes on all over Europe. The Parliament of Baden has passed church laws precisely like those of Prussia. The Canton of Bern in Switzerland has adopted a Church Regulation Act, authorizing a church committee in every parish for each confession, which shall have power to elect its own pastor, regulate worship and the religious instruction of children. The pastor must acknowledge the authority of the state, and the state pays his salary. An ultramontane vicar who undertook to stir up the people against this law was very promptly arrested. A bill for compulsory education has been presented to the Italian Parliament. It obliges parents and guardians to send all children under their care to public schools for instruction unless it can be proved that they are taught at home or in private schools. The schools are to be supplied by the municipalities.

Rumor is still busy with the names of the new cardinals to be appointed at the next Papal Consistory. We present the list as report has shaped it. The fortunate prelates are, Monsignori Pacca, the major-domo of the Pope's household; De Mérode, Papal Almoner; Vitelleschi, secretary of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars; Simeoni, secretary of the Propaganda, and probable successor of Cardinal Barnabo, its present head, who is now blind and very feeble; Bartolini, secretary of the Congregation of Rites; and Giannelli, secretary of the Congregation of the Council, together with the Archbishops of Westminster and Malines. It will be seen that the Pope is likely to provide well for his own household.

The temperance prayer-meeting movement still spreads. In Ohio and Indiana continual successes are reported. In the Atlantic States operations proceed with greater caution than in the West. One notorious saloon in this city, Harry Hill's, has been visited by ladies. They were very courteously treated. In Philadelphia a deputation of ministers has waited upon the Mayor, and requested him to enforce the Sunday law. In Pittsburg meetings have also been held. In Columbus, Ohio, the crusading ladies have succeeded in closing several saloons. In Akron, Norwalk, Elyria, Berea, and other towns vigorous operations have been begun.

The "noble army of the Society of Jesus," says a Roman Catholic paper, enrolled in 1873 140 soldiers in its ranks. In 1872 the order numbered 8962 members; it now has 9102 members.

Bills for the further enforcement of the church laws of last May have been laid before the Prussian Landtag. That on the nomination of the clergy authorizes the provincial president to take possession of all the revenue and property of a benefice so soon as an illegal appointment is made. The other bill relates to the "administration of vacated Catholic bishoprics." Its requirements are very stringent. Its principal provisions are these: "Any one discharging the duties of the episcopal office before the oath of allegiance has been taken shall be punished with imprisonment up to two years. All church ministers who undertake any office on the commission of a bishop not acknowledged by the state, or who has been removed from his see by a legal verdict, or of any one administering the episcopal duties contrary to law, or of any representative or nominee of such a bishop, shall be liable to a fine of 100 thalers, or imprisonment up to a year. Similarly, any one thus undertaking episcopal functions shall be imprisoned up to two years. When a see is vacated by the legal removal of its occupant, the provincial president shall give notice to the Cathedral Chapter that they must proceed to elect an administrator forthwith. If such election does not take place within ten days from the notice, or if the administrator elected refuse to take the oath required, then the Minister of Public Worship shall nominate a commissary, who shall take possession of and administer the property of the see."

The British and Foreign Bible Society have presented to the Duchess of Edinburgh a splendid copy of the Bible in three volumes. The first volume contains the first eight books of the Old Testament done into Russ, the version authorized by the Emperor Alexander I. The second volume contains the rest of the Old Testament, translated by the learned Russian professors Livischa and Chivolsov, at the cost of the British and Foreign Bible Society, from the original text. The third volume gives the New Testament, following the edition authorized by the "Holy Synod," or Supreme Council of the Russian Church. The peculiarity of the translation thus presented to the Duchess is that it is the only one which presents the whole Bible in a version of modern Russ, a tongue not essentially different from the old Sclavonic, but exceedingly useful for the general understanding of the Scriptures by the uneducated masses.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The first report, for the year 1873, of the Board of Fish Commissioners of Pennsylvania, under the new fishery law, has just been published, and contains an account of what has been done in the way of opening the Susquehanna River, freeing it from obstructions, and stocking it with shad and other useful fishes. In discussing the causes of the decrease in the supply of shad, the Commission reports that the most important are, first, the practice of fishing with drift nets in the lower portion of the river; second, the want of a period of close time, or one during which fishing is forbidden; third, the destruction of young shad when returning to the sea by the fish baskets. The methods for restoring the supply consist chiefly, in their opinion, in the construction of suitable fish-ways over the dams, in the establishment of a close time, in the removal of the fish baskets and other destructive agencies, and in the artificial propagation of fish.

The principal work of the Commission in the way of establishing fish-ways was conducted in the State dam at Marietta, the result of which will be looked upon with much interest as testing the expediency of still further carrying on the work in the Susquehanna River and its tributaries, as mentioned in the enabling act.

The artificial propagation of shad was conducted at Marietta and Newport, and several millions of young fish were successfully hatched out and turned into the water. A good deal was done by the Commission in the way of placing black bass in the waters of Pennsylvania, especially in the Lehigh, the north and west branches of the Susquehanna, the Juniata, and elsewhere. About 2000 mature fish were secured for the Delaware near Easton, and for the Juniata near Newport. So carefully was the work of transferring the fish done that not a dozen were lost by the operation.

Reference is made to the introduction of salmon into the waters of the State by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, about 14,000 having been previously planted, in 1871–72. In this connection we are informed that early in February, 1874, a young salmon about eight inches in length was caught in the Delaware, which was probably one of those just mentioned.

A memoir upon the embryology of *Terebratulina*, by Professor Morse, has just been published by the Boston Society of Natural History, this being the result of a thorough investigation in regard to the development of this genus of the brachiopod shells found so abundantly on the coast of Maine.

Professor Morse's labors were mainly prosecuted at Eastport, and extended through a period of several years. He found that the species spawns throughout the entire summer season (at least from April to August), but that investigations in the earlier part of the season were preferable, since with the increasing warmth the development is more rapid than is convenient to the observer.

The report of the Zion's Co-operative Fish Association of the Territory of Utah has lately been presented by its superintendent, Mr. A. P. Rockwood, in which an account is given of the measures taken to sustain the fish supply of the Territory, and which, he anticipates, will be exhausted in a very few years unless something is done to prevent it.

The most important action taken in this connection, as referred to by Mr. Rockwood, is the introduction of 6000 young shad into the waters of the Jordan, and of about 40,000 young Sacramento salmon, all furnished by the United States Fish Commission, for the purpose of stocking the Utah waters. He also reports the hatching out of about 650 salmon-trout from eggs furnished by Seth Green, and 8000 native trout.

In concluding his report Mr. Rockwood urges that legislation be had for extending the prohibitory time for seine and trap fishing, for determining the size of the mesh, for erecting more and better fish-ways and dams, for preliminary preparations for restocking the public streams, and for concurrent legislation with Wyoming and Idaho for the protection of fish in Bear Lake and its tributaries.

The report, for 1872, of Professor R. W. Raymond, the United States Commissioner of Mining Statistics, upon the statistics of mines and mining in the States and Territories, has been published, and, like its predecessors, embraces a vast body of important information in regard to the subjects discussed. The report is divided into Part I., on the condition of the mining industry in ten States and Territories; Part II., an account of metallurgical processes, among which not the least valuable is an article on the calorific value of Western lignites; Part III. relates to mining machinery, mining statistics, and descriptions, with a general geological map of the United States, prepared by Messrs. Hitchcock & Blake for the census report, and included in the present work.

A bill has lately been offered in the House of Representatives providing for the appointment of a board of commissioners, to consist of the Surgeon-General of the army, the Surgeon-General of the navy, and the supervising surgeon of the Marine Hospital Service of the Treasury Department, to serve as a National Board of Health, and to have power to establish such rules and regulations as it may deem necessary to prevent the introduction of infectious or contagious diseases into the United States.

The Marine Hospital Service, connected with the Treasury Department, in a very unsatisfactory condition for many years, was reorganized a year or two ago as a special bureau, with Dr. John M. Woodworth at its head. This gentleman has signalized his administration by many important reforms, and has succeeded in imparting a greatly increased efficiency to the whole service. A valuable report has lately been published by him for the fiscal year 1872–73, which contains a statement of the operations of the bureau for that period, with numerous statistics.

The number of patients treated by the service during the period in question amounted to 12,697, of whom 8927 were discharged entirely cured, and 646 died. The total cost of this service was $422,502, the average cost of maintaining each patient being one dollar and a small fraction of a cent per day. The service is nearly self-supporting, the hospital-money collections from seamen amounting to about $336,000. This is made up by the sum of forty cents per month, collected from every seaman in the United States employed in the foreign and coasting trade.

The appendix to the report embraces several valuable contributions from specialists, the most important of which perhaps are one on hospitals and hospital construction, by Dr. Woodworth, and one on the natural history of yellow fever in the United States, by Dr. J. M. Toner, with a special article on the yellow fever epidemic of 1873. An accompanying map exhibits every point visited by yellow fever since the settlement of the country, and furnishes an opportunity for important considerations in reference to this disease. An old generalization has received decided confirmation by this inquiry, namely, that the disease does not originate, and is not propagated, at an altitude of over 500 feet above the level of the sea, although cases of the malady transported to such stations may prove fatal.

A conference of Representatives of the Virginia Legislature from the oyster districts of the State was lately held at Richmond, with a view of considering the best method of protecting the oyster interest. On this occasion it was resolved that planted oysters should be assessed and taxed, and the taxes collected as on other property; that the present system of collecting the oyster tax should be abolished; also that a tax should be imposed on the transportation of oysters, and upon the privilege of dredging, even if this be not entirely prohibited.

It was shown at this meeting that the receipts in the Treasury on account of oysters from the 1st of May, 1866, to the 30th of September, 1873, amounted to $337,671 87, and that the expenses of collecting this revenue were $190,013 43, leaving a net revenue of $147,858 44.

The receipts on account of oysters in 1870 were nearly $71,000, over $60,000 in 1869, $59,000 in 1871, and $47,000 in 1872. For the three months of October, November, and December, 1873, only $7595 83 were received.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A young man in "these parts," who had spent a little of his own time and a good deal of his father's money in fitting for the bar, was asked, after his examination, how he got along. "Oh, well," said he, "I answered one question right." "Ah, indeed!" said the old gentleman, with looks of paternal satisfaction at his son's peculiar smartness; "and what was that?" "They asked me what a *qui tum* action was." "That was a hard one! and you answered it correctly, did you?" "Yes; I told them I did not know."

Why is an andiron like a yard-stick?—Because it has three feet.

An American gentleman asked an Irish gentleman to give him the real version of the story about the Kilkenny cats. In reply he received the following lines:

"There wanst was two cats at Kilkenny;
Aich thought there was wan cat too many:
So they quarreled an' fit,
They scratched an' they bit,
Till—excepting their nails
An' the tips of their tails—
Instead of two cats, there wasn't any!"

"That's just the sort of umbrella that people appropriate, or, in other words, hook," said Smiggles to a companion one morning, showing him a very handsome parachute. "Yes," said his companion, "I thought so when I saw you have it."

The owl is remarkable for his gravity, and also for his stupidity.

There is nothing so tends to shorten the lives of old people and to injure their health as the practice of sitting up late, especially winter evenings. This is especially the case when there is a grown-up daughter in the family. We publish this item at the earnest request of several young men.

"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano. "I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squall you raise."

When is a man thinner than a shingle?—When he's a-shaving.

An Irish advertisement: "If the gentleman who keeps a shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with the ivory handle, he will hear something to her advantage."

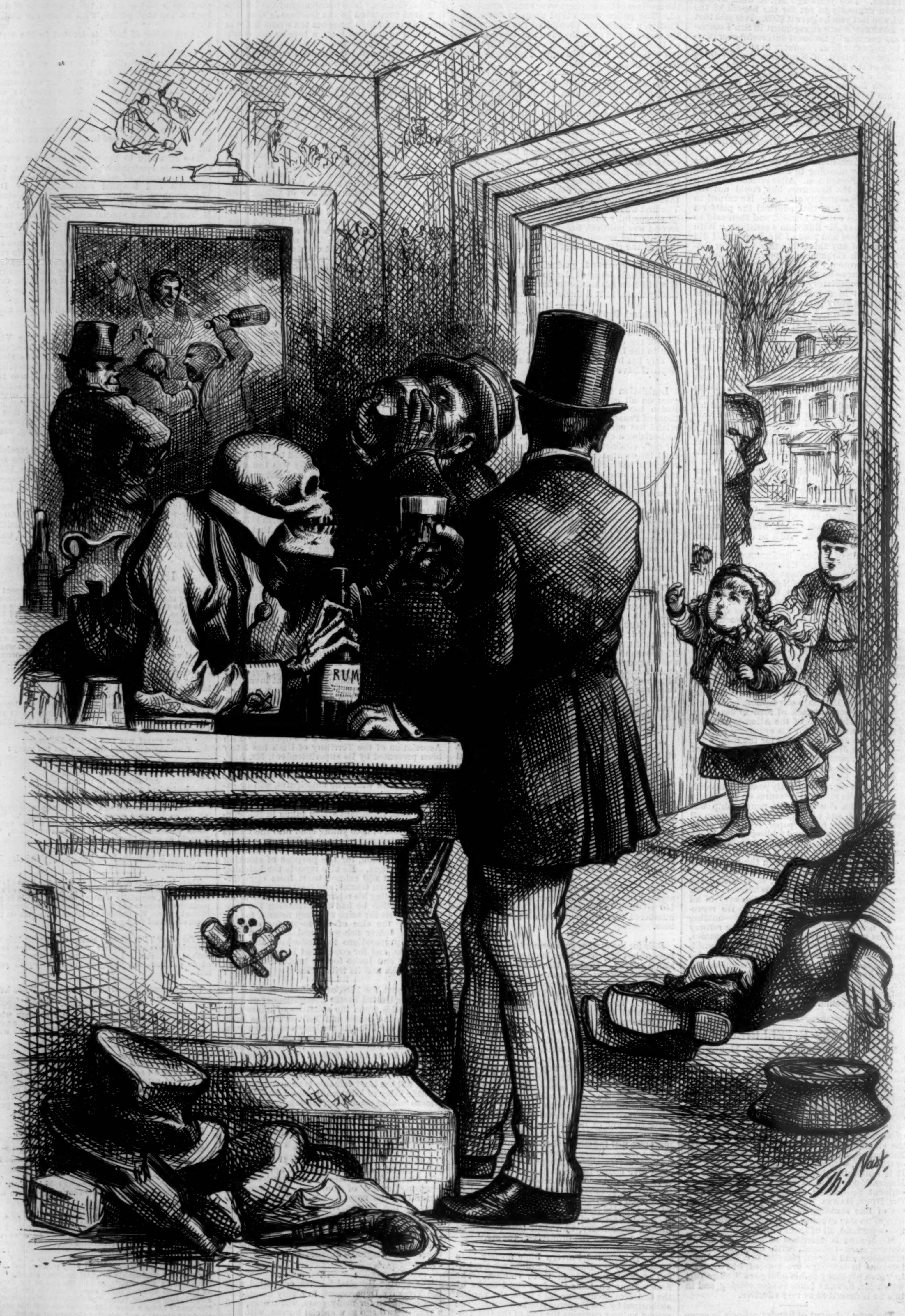
One who had the reputation of being a great philosopher, an experienced man of the world, a profound thinker, and an acute observer, with a deep insight into human nature, has left on record the expression of his firm conviction that no man, however gifted, however fortunate in his domestic relations, however successful in his public undertakings, can be pronounced happy, whose trowsers bag at the knees.

How to put a Horse on his Metal.—Shoe him.

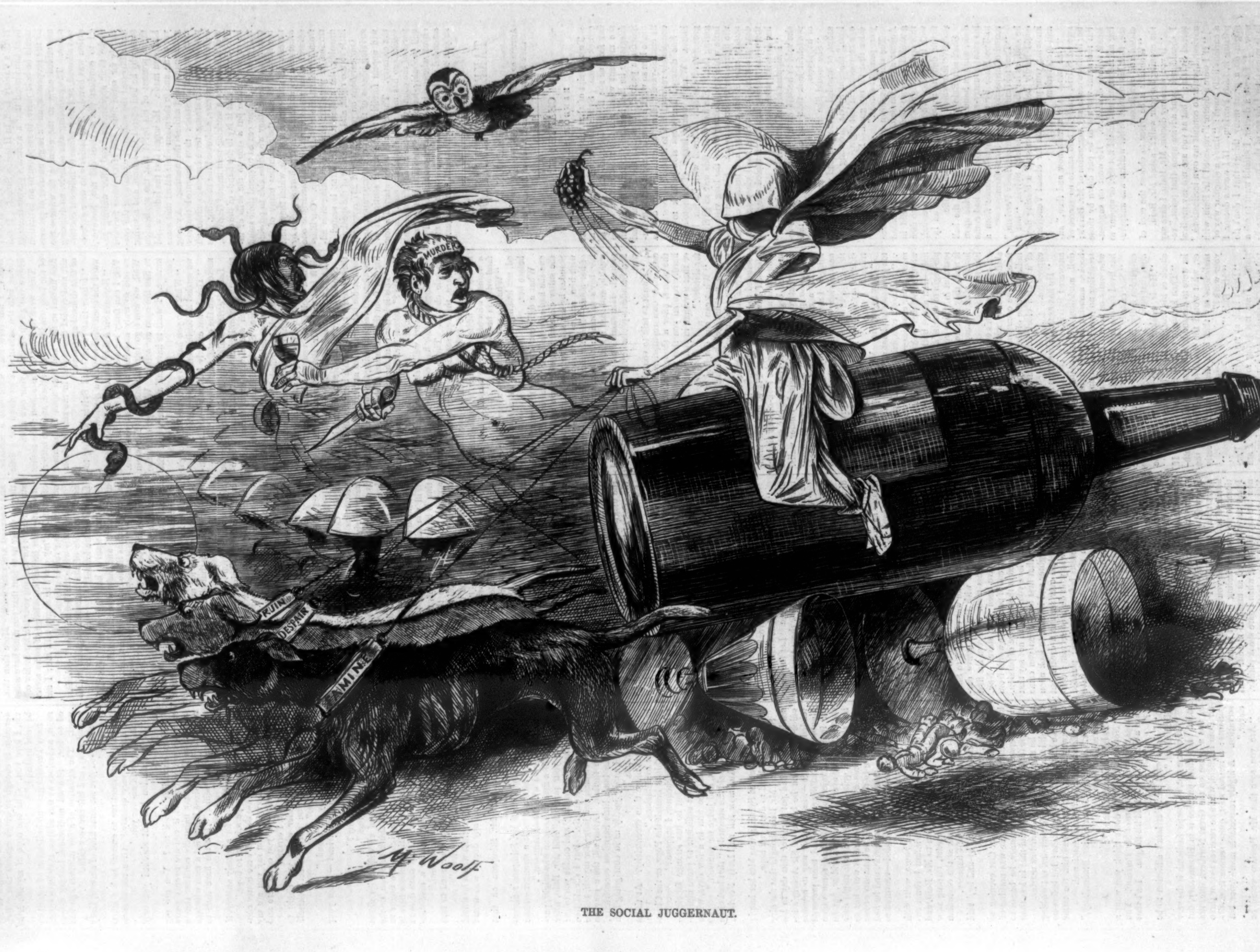
Why is a lover popping the question like a tailor running a hot iron over a suit of clothes?—Because he is pressing a suit.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him sage.

"I conversed," says a writer, "with a racist to-day. He told me how he won a race in New Haven. For four weeks he mixed soft rubber with the horse's oats, and every day he hitched that horse to a post and opened a blue cotton umbrella in his face, making him pull back, stretching his neck awfully. Then he'd shut his umbrella, the horse would stop pulling, and his neck would resume its original length. He got the horse's neck very elastic, and on the day of the race, as his horse and the other horses were on the home stretch, side by side, just at the finish, the driver struck this man's horse a blow behind his ears, and his neck shot out almost a rod, winning the race by a neck. It is said to be the biggest home stretch on record. I believe the story to be true, because the man is the only son of a deacon."



THE BAR OF DESTRUCTION.


MURDER
RUIN
DESPAIR
AMINE
M. Woolf

THE SOCIAL JUGGERNAUT.

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

The temperance movement in New York was begun on Sunday evening, March 1, at **Harry Hill**'s Variety Hall, in Houston Street. It had been announced that a woman's prayer-meeting would be held there, in response to an invitation by the proprietor, and a large number of persons assembled early in the evening to witness the scene. The gathering was orderly, no drinking was allowed, and no profane or indecent conversation was heard. The ladies who were expected to conduct the services did not, however, make their appearance; and after waiting patiently for some time, Mr. **Hill** came forward and addressed the audience, explaining the reasons why he had offered his saloon, and assuring those present of his belief that the application had been made. He hoped that the ladies would yet come, and in the mean while asked that some gentleman would address the meeting. A young man named **Niblock** then mounted the low platform, and in strong, terse language, although with homely phrase, addressed the meeting. He was followed by a working-man named **Glover**, who declared that it lay in the hands of the class he represented to put a stop to the evils of intemperance. If they ceased to spend their small earnings on drink, they would be able to provide for themselves and their families many of the necessaries and comforts of life, which they must otherwise go without. After short speeches by several other persons, and a characteristic one from Mr. **Hill**, the meeting broke up. Our illustration on page 252 shows a working-man addressing the audience. Mr. **Hill** is seated a little to the right, and in the rear of the speaker.

Our cartoons on pages 256 and 257 represent striking phases of the evil of intemperance, and will appeal forcibly to the moral sentiment of the country. The crusade which started a few weeks ago has met with signal success in many parts of the country, but the mode of proceeding will probably have to be modified in the large cities, where sidewalk prayer-meetings would be attended with many serious inconveniences, and subject to many interruptions and annoyances.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER LI.

RANDOM SHOTS.

The receipt of that telegram was a blow that struck home. Sylvia had brought her lover to her feet, as she firmly believed, and behold, at the moment when she felt most certain of his allegiance he had been able to leave her for an indefinite period! Was this the love that had made him so weak a slave last night in the moon-lit church-yard? Had the cold light of day so completely restored him to reason?

She dragged her steps slowly back to the house. What a weary length of monotonous greensward she had to tread with leaden, lingering feet! She had come this way so gayly a little while ago, looking down the long vista for the figure she expected to see. She had felt so utterly sure of his coming, and instead of that dear presence, that strong hand clasping hers, there was nothing but the crumpled telegram in her feverish palm.

"I suppose Mrs. Carter will be glad of this," she said to herself, bitterly, remembering the reproachful look that had chidden her wild talk of happiness.

"She would like to see me in sackcloth and ashes, or branded on the forehead with a red-hot iron," thought Sylvia, brooding upon her mother's reproaches of last night. "She would consider that for my good. No harder judge than your penitent sinner."

The sun beat down upon her head, the fierce August afternoon sun, as she crossed the broad graveled expanse before the hall door, and in this open sunlight she found herself face to face with that person whom of all others she dreaded, for no definite reason, perhaps, but with an instinctive fear which reason could not stifle.

Shadrach Bain met her in front of the hall door, whip in hand, the dust of a long ride upon his stout country-squirish boots. He had come to The Place by the servants' entrance from a round of inspection on the home-farm.

"They told me you were out, Lady Perriam," he said, as he shook hands with Sylvia, "but I could hardly believe it, on such a blazing day, knowing your predilection for closed Venetians and a cool room."

"One must take a walk now and then," answered Sylvia, coldly. She made no secret of her indifference to any suggestion of Mr. Bain's; but the agent was not to be put down by those small tokens of disdain. He went on suggesting all the same, and could not see, or appear to see, that his interest in her welfare was unappreciated and unwelcome.

"Wouldn't it be wiser to choose the cool of the evening for your walk?" asked Mr. Bain.

"If you were my doctor, Mr. Bain, I dare say I should ask your advice upon that point," retorted Sylvia; "but as you are not my medical adviser, I prefer to consult my own inclinations."

"If I were a doctor!" repeated Mr. Bain, with a curious little laugh: "that's a singular way of putting it, Lady Perriam. If I were a doctor, I might do a great many things that I don't do now. If I were a doctor, I should want to see a little more than I do see of that poor half-cracked Mr. Perriam. If I were a doctor, I might want to know a little more than I do know of the manner of Sir Aubrey's death."

That blanching cheek, which had been flushed by heat and anger a moment ago, told him that his shot had struck the mark.

"How white and tired you look, Lady Perriam! I am sure that walk was a mistake. Come into the saloon and sit down for a little before you go up stairs to your own rooms."

They were in front of the saloon; the sashes of the long windows were raised, and the butterflies floated in now and then upon the summer air, and cooled themselves in the stately gloom of that disused apartment.

"I hate that room," said Sylvia, looking toward the open window with a shudder.

"Because Sir Aubrey's attack happened there. Yes, I can fancy the association must be painful to one so truly attached to him as you were. Well, we won't go into the saloon. You seem to like the open air better. We'll go on to the terrace. I want to have half an hour's talk with you."

"What can you have to say to me? I thought we settled all business matters yesterday."

"This is not exactly business—nothing connected with the estate, that is to say."

Lady Perriam walked by his side as far as the terrace reluctantly, but with that feeling of helplessness which she always experienced in Mr. Bain's presence. She hated him, she feared him, and she always ended by submitting to his will—that will which had ruled Sir Aubrey in days gone by, which had awed the tenants into closest adherence to quarter-days, and which had exercised itself in the vestry of Monkhampton, until it had made Mr. Bain a power in the sleepy old country town.

She sank down with a tired air upon a bench on the terrace, a broad marble bench in an angle of the marble balustrade, an ancient orange-tree in a sculptured vase crowning the angle, and screening her from the fierceness of the sun.

"This is better than the saloon, isn't it, Lady Perriam?" asked Mr. Bain, as he seated himself by her side.

"It will do very well," she answered, coldly.

No tinge of color had come back to her marble-pale cheeks. There was a dogged look in her face, the lips set tightly, the eyes looking straight before her, every feature accentuated by the fixity of her expression. She looked like a woman who had nerved herself to face some fatal crisis in her life.

"What do you want to say to me?" she asked, not looking at Mr. Bain, but always straight before her.

What a different interview this was from the one she had expected! She had hoped to watch the sultry close of that afternoon with Edmund Standen by her side; to have planned the future with him, and to have shown him the splendors of her house—hers for the twenty long years of her boy's minority; to have told him of her wealth, and that it should be his to spend as he pleased. Her smaller nature had never imagined Mr. Standen's probable repugnance to wealth so won.

"I want to talk to you about your own interests, your own reputation, Lady Perriam," said the agent, after a thoughtful pause. "I need hardly remind you that the world is censorious, or that a woman in your position is an easy mark for slander."

"What can any one find to say against me? Is not my life secluded enough to preclude the possibility of slander?"

"That is just the question. Your life is too secluded to satisfy the neighborhood. You bury yourself alive in Perriam Place, and the malicious, who are always on the look-out for sinister motives, begin to ask if you have any secret to hide, that you keep so close within yonder walls. From one speculation they have passed to another. As a man of business I get to hear these things. I may outstep my functions as your business adviser—your son's guardian—in broaching this subject to you; but, right or wrong, I consider it my duty to put you in possession of the truth."

"Pray go on, Sir. What is your Monkhampton gossips' complaint against me?"

"It is not a complaint; it is no positive statement; your enemies—the grocers you don't deal with, the butcher whose rival supplies your household—can allege nothing against you. But people begin to wonder and speculate about the close restraint in which you keep Mr. Perriam. If he is mad, they say, he ought to be put into a mad-house; if he is sane, he ought to be allowed more liberty."

Lady Perriam's eyes, so long fixed on vacancy, shifted uneasily, and stole a look at the steward's face. The countenance of the man of business indicated little of the mind behind it. The face of a Dutch clock could hardly have been less expressive.

"He has as much liberty as he cares to have," answered Sylvia. "It is his fancy to lead that dull, muddling life, pottering about among his books, amusing himself in his own way, and troubling no one, seeing no one but the servant who waits on him. He lives now exactly as he has lived for the last ten years."

"Not exactly. He used to walk in the kitchen-garden daily, fair weather or foul. He never does that now."

"He is weaker than he used to be. The shock of his brother's death has shaken him."

"Then he ought to have medical advice. If he were to die suddenly some day like his brother, what would the world say? Might not the malicious say that both deaths were indirectly your work?"

"Mr. Bain!"

"Don't look at me so indignantly, Lady Perriam. *I* am not going to slander you. *I* am not going to doubt your kindness or your justice. If ever you should need a champion, you'll find me very ready to defy the world in your defense. I only wish to protect you from the consequences of your own indiscretion. But Monkhampton people have taken it into their heads that Mordred Perriam is kept under undue restraint, deprived of natural liberty, and that this seclusion and restraint are your work. More than this, they go so far as to hint that you must have some strong reason for keeping your brother-in-law out of sight—that he has knowledge of some secret of yours. Pray don't be angry with me; I am only repeating vulgar gossip."

How deadly white the face was now! colorless as the marble of the balustrade against which Lady Perriam leaned.

"I don't want to hear their gossip," she said, after a pause; and there was a dull muffled sound in her speech as if she could hardly articulate the words. "What does it matter to me how these stupid country people slander me? If I went to London, and spent money, and enjoyed my life, as many women would do in my position"—with a faint laugh—"they would call me heartless. Because I live in seclusion they try to imagine some secret motive for my quiet life. Mr. Perriam leads the life that pleases him. Why should I drag his harmless eccentricities before the eyes of the world? Even if he is a little wrong in his head, he does no mischief, and Mrs. Carter is quite capable of taking care of him."

"Are you aware, Lady Perriam, that it is illegal to keep a lunatic in a private dwelling-house, or in any house not especially licensed for the accommodation of lunatics?"

"Who said he was a lunatic?"

"You did, just this minute."

"I said he was a little wrong in his head."

"Which in plain English means that he is mad. Come, now, Lady Perriam, I'll put this matter as simply as I can. If he is sane, you have no right to deprive him of liberty. If he is mad, you have no right to keep him in that house."

"I do not deprive him of liberty."

"Don't you? Would you object to my hearing him acknowledge as much with his own lips? Will you allow me to ask him the plain question is he satisfied with his mode of life? If he answers that question in the affirmative, I will answer for you to all Monkhampton. No one shall dare to slander you if once I am in a position to give them the lie."

Sylvia had wiped her pale brow with a cambric handkerchief, a little square of thinnest tissue. She held it now in her clinched hands—held it twisted into a rag by the writhing of those restless hands.

"Mordred objects to see any one," she said; "he has shrunk from every one since his brother's death. He is perfectly happy in his own way. Why can not you let him alone?"

"The world will not consent to his being let alone, Lady Perriam. If you refuse my advice in this matter, if you won't let me help you, as I can help you, other people will step in. One of the magistrates will come here and examine into the state of the case."

"One of the magistrates! Would they dare to come here and question me? Can not I do as I like in my own house?"

"Unhappily no. The law has a knack of looking inside of people's houses. Come, Lady Perriam, be reasonable: I am here for your own good, for your own safety. Let me see Mr. Perriam, and judge for myself as to his condition."

"You shall not see him," cried Sylvia, rising suddenly and confronting him, still marble pale, but with a desperate look in her face, which meant defiance.

"You refuse me so slight a favor?"

"You shall not see him; no one shall see him unless I choose, or until I choose. Let the magistrates come here. I will show them that I can be mistress in my own house."

"What reason can you have for denying me access to him?"

"I have no reason. But I will not accept dictation from any one, least of all from you. You have long tried to be master in this house. I will show you that it is not so easy to be my master as you may have thought."

She sank down upon the bench again, exhausted by that burst of passion. One little spot of crimson gleamed in the white cheeks, and the restless hands were still working nervously.

"Lady Perriam, you are wrong when you say I have wished to be your master," said the steward, bending over her, and speaking in an altered voice, a softer tone than was common to Shadrach Bain's lips, yet with the old grave earnestness of the business man. "From the first hour I saw you I have been your slave. Nay, you need fear no torrent of passionate words from me. I am not versed in the language of passion. I only know that I love you. I will not say that I loved you from that first hour when you came into my office, brighter and lovelier to look upon than any thing I had ever seen in a dream, but from that hour I was your devoted servant; considered your interests before all others; pleaded your cause with the husband who would have stinted your dower; watched over your welfare so far as it was in my power to protect and benefit you."

"You have always been very good to me," replied Sylvia, looking up at him with a quick, questioning glance, as if to gauge the depth of his meaning.

"In those days, at least, my devotion must have been disinterested," continued the steward. "What had I to hope for? You had a husband, I a wife. What two people could be further apart than you and I? I served you because I admired and respected you; and if, even at that time, some warmer feeling lurked in my heart, I had never confessed as much to myself. But now the day has come when I dare speak plainly. You stand quite alone in the world, Lady Perriam—a world not too kind to defenseless youth and beauty. I am your equal in education; before your marriage with Sir Aubrey I was more than your equal in social status; I am too well off to be open to the charge of mercenary motives. Nothing remains but the disparity of our years. I dare to hope that the strength of my devotion is enough to weigh against that. Sylvia, I love you. The one hope of my life is to be your husband."

Lady Perriam gave no indication of astonishment, audacious as this address may have seemed to her. She sat motionless, looking downward. The agitation of a few minutes ago had passed away, and left her very calm.

"Will you give me some kind of answer, Lady Perriam?"

"Can you expect me to answer such a startling question very quickly? Give me time to think, and I will answer you."

"My confession has not shocked you very much?"

"Why should it shock me? You are my equal, as you say: and if you are twenty years older than I, you may naturally consider that a trifling objection, since I married a man who was thirty years my senior. Let me have time to think, Mr. Bain."

"I shall not press you for a speedy answer, if you will only give me permission to hope."

"I should not refuse that if I were better convinced of your sincerity. You say you are my friend—devoted to me—yet you come here and worry me about poor Mr. Perriam."

"I only repeat slander which you ought to hear, in order that you may protect yourself against people's malice."

"And you are really my friend?"

"I am more than your friend—I am your slave."

"Shall I test your fidelity?"

"Yes, put me to any test."

"Help me to get rid of all difficulties about Mr. Perriam. I begin to think that you, or the Monkhampton gossips, are right. He ought to be placed under restraint. His presence here is a source of anxiety to me. If his state doesn't improve very soon, I shall send for a mad-doctor, and get him removed to an asylum."

"Whenever you make up your mind to that step, you may command my services."

"Do you know of any asylum where he would be safely cared for, or of any doctor who would take charge of him?"

"Why not consult Mr. Stimpson on that point?"

"I have no opinion of Mr. Stimpson's discretion. I would rather consult a stranger—some one unconnected with Monkhampton."

"I know of a man in London who might, perhaps, serve your purpose," said Mr. Bain, after some moments' thought, "and enable you to get rid of the difficulty quietly. But I should like to see Mr. Perriam, and judge for myself, before I advise you further. After all, there may be nothing amiss but a little harmless eccentricity, which would hardly justify us in consigning him to a mad-house."

"There is more than eccentricity. At times he is subject to delusions."

"What, thinks himself the Pope, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I suppose?"

"Not exactly; but he has strange fancies—harmless enough, but sufficient to prove him insane. You shall see him in a few days, when he is at his best, and judge for yourself."

"Thanks," said the steward; "that looks like confidence. And now tell me, Lady Perriam, may I hope?"

"Yes," answered Sylvia, giving him her hand; "it would be hard to deny you hope."

She smiled, and Mr. Bain thought that the airy scaffolding he had put together that day in his office—when first he heard of Sir Aubrey's intended marriage—was in a fair way to become a substantial building. He had been prepared for indignant rejection. He had some vague sense of power over Sir Aubrey's widow, but he had thought it quite possible that she might defy him. His hints and veiled threats were but so much groping in the dark. The intensity of her agitation had taken him by surprise, and he had gone further than he had intended—ventured to reveal his ultimate hope.

He escorted her back to the house, went with her to the nursery, where the infant baronet expressed the strongest objection to Mr. Bain, and hid his face in his nurse's breast, turning now and then to steal an angry look at the custodian allotted to him by the Court of Chancery.

"We shall be better friends by-and-by," said Mr. Bain, quietly.

He dined with Lady Perriam that evening, at her invitation, and though there was nothing of the accepted lover in his manner, he began to think the future was secure, and that in less than a year he might sit at that board as master.

He did not stop long after dinner, not wishing to make his presence an infliction; but before he went away Lady Perriam asked him the name of the London doctor he had mentioned.

"Mr. Ledlamb, of Jager Street, Bloomsbury," answered Mr. Bain.

"Is he a celebrated man?"

"Not at all. But I don't think you want a famous doctor to take care of Mr. Perriam. You want a man who will hold his tongue. Isn't that it?"

"I don't want Mr. Perriam's affliction to be talked about."

"Of course not. Joseph Ledlamb is the very man. His chief practice is in Bloomsbury, but he has a house on the Great Northern line, not far from Hatfield, where he receives two or three patients: a retired spot, quite remote from observation. A highly respectable man—poor, but clever."

"Are you sure that Mr. Perriam would be well treated in this gentleman's care?"

"As sure as I could possibly feel about his treatment, put him where you may. You might put him in the charge of a more distinguished doctor than Ledlamb. But in a larger and grander establishment he would be much more at the mercy of nurses and underlings than with such a man as Ledlamb, who receives a limited number of patients, and has them under his own eye, as it were."

"But he must be away a great part of his time, attending to his Bloomsbury practice," suggested Lady Perriam.

"I don't know how he manages about that. He may have a partner."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Hardly a friend, but an old acquaintance. He belongs to this part of the country, and he and I went to school together. Fifteen years ago he tried to get a practice in Monkhampton, but the old established doctors were too much for him, and he speedily collapsed. He had not long married, poor fellow, and had a hungry-looking wife and one sickly child. He gave up Monkhampton as a bad job, and went up to London to try his luck there. I've seen him occasionally when I've been in town for a few days, and we've had a quiet evening together. I know the man is clever, and I think"—Mr. Bain said this with curious deliberation—"he is just the kind of man to suit your purpose, Lady Perriam: a man who will not talk about his patient, come what may."

"I shall not forget your recommendation," said Sylvia, with her easiest manner. All traces of agitation had vanished long ere this. "And if poor Mr. Perriam should get much worse, which I trust will not happen, I'll send for Mr. Ledlamb."

This conversation occurred after Mr. Bain's horse had been ordered. He had no further excuse for lingering, but took his leave with a subdued tenderness too unobtrusive to offend, yet enough to remind Lady Perriam that he had asked her to be his wife, and that he expected an answer.

Scarcely had the door closed behind the departing agent when Sylvia looked at her watch, and then rang the bell sharply.

"Just nine. I wonder if it is too late to telegraph," she said to herself.

She went to a side table where there were writing materials, and wrote the following telegram:

"Lady Perriam, Perriam Place, near Monkhampton,
to Joseph Ledlamb, Jager Street, Bloomsbury.

"Please come immediately to consult upon an important case. Fee no consideration—loss of time dangerous."

The bell had been answered before her message was written, brief as it was. A footman stood at ease, awaiting her orders.

"Let this message be taken at once to Monkhampton railway station," said Lady Perriam, giving him the paper in a sealed envelope. "Send one of the grooms on a fast horse."

"Yes, my lady."

"If Mr. Ledlamb responds promptly to that message, I can defy Shadrach Bain," thought Sylvia, as she flung herself into a chair, worn out by disappointment and anxiety. "But if not—if I can not get rid of my incubus—what is to become of me? I can see no prospect of relief, I can see no hope of freedom. Oh, Edmund, Edmund, is this your love? Last night a slave at my feet—to-day far away from me in my bitterest hour of need!"

CHAPTER LII.

THE FRIEND OF THE MENTALLY AFFLICTED.

It was not often that Mr. Ledlamb, of Jager Street, was informed that the amount of his fee was no consideration. To Dr. Crow such telegrams as Lady Perriam's were common enough. At the magic name of Crow people became as lavish of gold as if they had been so many Kilmanseggs.

But the patients whom Mr. Ledlamb attended were wont to consider their fees very closely; indeed, so scrupulously considerate were they of this question that sometimes they changed their minds about it altogether, and did not pay him any thing at all.

At first Mr. Ledlamb was inclined to look suspiciously at Lady Perriam's telegram, doubtful whether it were not a hoax. But he knew enough of the neighborhood of Monkhampton to know that there really was a seat called Perriam Place within half a dozen miles of that market-town; and this fact decided him. He would hazard a second-class return ticket to Monkhampton in quest of the unlimited fee so liberally offered.

"I might charge as much as ten pounds, and, deducting two for my ticket, that would give me eight for my day's work, besides future contingencies," mused Mr. Ledlamb. "But what on earth could induce Lady Perriam to send for me? I didn't do so well while I was in Monkhampton that people should hunt me up fifteen years after I turned my back upon that miserable hole."

Mr. Ledlamb had bachelor's quarters in Jager Street—a sofa-bedstead in the parlor behind the surgery, where he bivouacked now and then when it was his fancy to spend the night in London rather than return to the rustic shades of his lodge near Hatfield. Thus it happened that Lady Perriam's message reached Mr. Ledlamb while he was lounging over an unpretending breakfast of Epps's cocoa and a toasted bloater, prepared by his own hands.

He consulted a dog's-eared Bradshaw. Yes, there was time to catch the 9.45 down train from Paddington. He could be at Monkhampton by three o'clock that afternoon.

In the simple phraseology of the neighborhood, Mr. Ledlamb "cleaned himself"—a brief operation—put on his best suit of professional black, took up his least shiny hat, his umbrella—good to look at while neatly rolled up, but not worth much when opened—and set forth. He was fain to indulge in the luxury of a Hansom cab, paid the driver his minimum fare, calmly endured the threat of a summons, and reached the platform, ticket in hand, just as the train was going to move.

"As near as a toucher!" muttered Mr. Ledlamb, breathing hard after the rapidity of his proceedings.

He threw himself back into a corner of the carriage, bought a *Daily Telegraph* as the train was leaving the station, and abandoned himself to an hour's quiet enjoyment between London and Swindon.

"I wonder whether the advertisement's at the bottom of that telegram?" he thought, presently, not able to concentrate his attention on the leaders in the popular journal, so puzzled was he by that inexplicable message.

He turned to the advertisement sheet, where he was accustomed now and then to insert his own small requirements. Of course he was too wide awake a man to put forth his desire crudely among the "Wanteds." He insinuated himself into public attention as a benefactor to his species—one who from pure benevolence was ready to relieve others of their burdens.

"To the Friends of those Mentally Afflicted. Privacy, Security, Home Comforts. These, with medical treatment, may be obtained in the domestic circle of an experienced practitioner, who resides in a retired and rustic locality in Hertfordshire. For terms, etc., apply to X.Y., Post-office, Jager Street, Bloomsbury."

If the telegram were the result of this advertisement, it ought naturally to have been sent to the post-office; though, perhaps, no one would be so demented as to telegraph to a post-office.

"No," decided Mr. Ledlamb, "the advertisement can have nothing to do with it. Clearly Lady Perriam must have heard of me."

At half past three o'clock that afternoon Mr. Ledlamb was being driven up the long avenue at Perriam in a close fly. He had chosen a close fly, despite the sultry heat of the day, because it looked more professional. A cab and a fly in the same day! Mr. Ledlamb winced as he looked into his empty purse, and thought what the expedition had cost him. If the telegram should prove a hoax after all!

The grandeur of the long avenue, the wide-spreading park, the palatial house, struck awe to Joseph Ledlamb's soul. It seemed hardly possible that the inhabitants of yonder pile could have sent for him, when London was full of famous doctors.

"It must be some wretched mistake," he said to himself, "and I shall be all my expenses out of pocket. No, if they've made a blunder in sending for me, I'll make them pay my traveling expenses."

He was at the door by this time, and the flyman had rung a loud-pealing bell, and let down the steps.

"Now or never!" thought Mr. Ledlamb, and put on a bold front. "Is Lady Perriam at home?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Please to take her my card."

"Step this way, if you please, Sir; you are expected," answered the footman; and Mr. Ledlamb found himself ushered up a wider staircase than he had ever ascended in a private dwelling, along a dimly lighted corridor, and then into a room whose brightness and perfumes—the scent of stephanotus and lilies, Parma violets, gloire de Dijon roses, all manner of choicest blossoms—almost bewildered his unaccustomed senses.

A lady was seated in a low chair by the open window, shaded from the sun by a half-closed Venetian shutter, a lady who struck him as more beautiful than any woman he had ever seen.

She received him with a somewhat haughty inclination of the head, pointed to a distant chair, and began at once in a business-like manner.

"I have sent up for you, Mr. Ledlamb, because I have been informed that you are a person upon whose discretion I can safely rely."

"That is quite true, madam. May I ask who recommended me to your notice?"

"I had rather not tell you that. Be satisfied with the knowledge that you have been recommended. It is my misfortune to have a near relative—by marriage—who is mentally afflicted. I have kept him under my own roof as long as I could safely do so, but I find I can keep him no longer without becoming subject to the remarks of the neighborhood. It is my earnest wish, therefore, to remove him to some safe and comfortable home, where he will be well cared for, and made as happy as it is possible for him to be in his present condition of mind."

"I am in a position to offer you just such a home, Lady Perriam," answered Mr. Ledlamb, carefully suppressing all signs of eagerness, and adopting that dispassionate tone which bespeaks ample means and an independent mind. "I have a pleasant country-house—The Arbor, at Crupskew Common, near Hatfield—where I am in the habit of receiving a limited number of patients: strictly limited, for, whenever their health allows of that privilege, they join our family circle, and we gather round the domestic hearth as a cheerful and united household. At other times, when their state is more critical, they of course remain in the retirement of their private apartments. My house is not large, it does not boast of splendor, but comfort is studied in every detail, and we are eminently rural. I have endeavored to indicate that by the name of our retreat, 'The Arbor,' a sound suggestive of agreeable images."

"How many patients have you in your house at present?" asked Lady Perriam.

"Well, just at present, only one—a youth of excellent family, but weak intellect. He is like a son of the household, follows our children about the garden like a pet dog."

This was true in a restricted sense, the youth in question having been forced to devote some part of his leisure to wheeling Mr. Ledlamb's youngest hope in a perambulator.

"May I see Mr.—our patient, Lady Perriam?" asked the doctor, blandly.

"Presently. He has been very troublesome lately, and although it was my earnest wish to keep him in this house, where he has the care of an excellent nurse, I begin to fear that it might be dangerous to do so much longer."

"My dear madam, believe me it is always dangerous: however good your nurse, however excellent your arrangements, there is no safety. Only under the experienced eye of a medical man can there be security. Lunacy is beyond measure treacherous, uncertain. Mischief may arise at any moment. I do not speak in my own interests; pray believe that I am above all sordid considerations."

Lady Perriam did not trouble herself to notice Mr. Ledlamb's vindication of his honor. She looked at him keenly with those darkly brilliant eyes whose splendor carking care could not dim. He looked a man who would do any thing for greed—a hungry-looking man, with wide thin lips, dog-teeth, hollow cheeks, and large gray eyes; an unprosperous man, clad in well-worn black; a man who would be a ready tool, but a dangerous ally.

"After all, it is only a question of self-interest," reflected Lady Perriam. "If I pay him well enough, he is not likely to betray me—not even if he held my fate in his hand. He might become rapacious and exacting; but that would be the worst. I am set round with dangers, and must face that issue."

"Permit me to inquire if the patient is a relative or a dependent," said Mr. Ledlamb, shrinking a little under the close scrutiny of those observant eyes.

"He is both—a relation by marriage, and partly dependent on me for support. Pray what are your usual terms for board and medical attendance—inclusive terms?"

"With carriage exercise?" inquired Mr. Ledlamb.

"Do you keep a carriage?"

"My wife has a pony phaeton which she devotes to the use of those patients whose friends desire that relaxation. It is, of course, an extra, and adds thirty pounds a year to the charge for board, laundress, and medical attendance."

"I should wish my brother-in-law to have every reasonable indulgence. Be good enough to state your highest inclusive terms."

"My charge for a first-class patient is two hundred and fifty pounds a year," replied Mr. Ledlamb, faint with the agonies of alternate hope and fear.

"If I agree to your becoming custodian of my brother-in-law I will give you three hundred a year for his maintenance. But mind, I shall expect him to be made thoroughly comfortable, and as happy as his wretched condition will permit."

"Madam, you may rely upon my fidelity."

"I shall take nothing for granted. I have read horrible accounts of private asylums. I shall see that your patient is really treated well."

"I am not afraid of the supervision of my patients' friends, madam. The commissioners visit us periodically."

Mr. Ledlamb spoke with supreme confidence. The friends of his patients had, as a rule, promised frequent visits to those sufferers, and as a rule had studiously refrained from the performance of their promises. Lady Perriam did not look to him like a person who would take much trouble about a deranged brother-in-law.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

During the last two weeks of February kind hearts furnished over four thousand garments to St. John's Guild, with which more than eleven hundred men, women, and children have been clothed. Within the same two weeks, also, volunteer visitors of the guild have called upon and relieved at their homes three thousand suffering families.

Michelet contracted the disease of which he died during the siege of Paris. He hoped to recuperate under the influence of the soft air of Southern France; but in vain. He died at Hyeres.

The great majority of crimes are committed between the hours of ten at night and three in the morning. The chief of the New York police recently said that if every place where liquor is sold in the city were rigorously closed at ten o'clock at night, one-half the police force might be dismissed.

Six children were recently found in a small rear room in Avenue A who were supported entirely by the proceeds of their mother's knitting-work, which she peddled around the streets. Some days they had bread and milk, and some days they had little or nothing. In the evening the mother, having no money for either coal or light, would pick up bits of wood or coal in the street, which served sometimes to kindle a little fire in the cold dwelling.

A map of the moon, the result of the labor of thirty-four years, has just been completed by Dr. Schmidt, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Athens. It is two meters in diameter, and is a marvel of accurate mapping and minute delineation.

Queen Victoria has granted a pension of $1000 per annum to the children of Dr. Livingstone.

They have a wise method in the Kentucky Lunatic Asylum. Connected with the institution is a farm of three hundred acres and a vegetable garden of sixty acres. The patients cultivate this ground. The cooking and house-work and making of clothing are also done by the inmates, while gymnastics, games, and dances help to keep away melancholy.

The postal system of the United States was adopted in Japan about two years ago, and is working well. Tetnoske Tomita, vice-consul of the Japanese empire, who is now residing in New York, has been instructed by his government to investigate subjects of general interest in this country. Among these he reckons our postal system, and a short time ago he visited the Post-office, and carefully studied the details of each department as explained to him by the superintendent.

According to the report of the Howard Relief Committee, during the week ending February 28 there were 2452 persons furnished with lodgings and 13,568 supplied with food through their society.

The Massachusetts Board of State Charities has recommended the establishment of a special court for the trial of juvenile offenders, and regulations that shall prevent them from being confined with adult prisoners. During the year 1873 more than two thousand children between the ages of six and seventeen were brought before the courts of Boston for various offenses.

A story told by Dr. M'Cosh, of Princeton College, is seasonable. A negro in a religious gathering prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins."

"Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang of dat ar word. It's 'besettin',' not 'upsettin'.'"

"Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, an' if dat ain't an upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

The youthful Emperor of China disregards all precedents in his office: he walks the streets of Pekin at night *incognito*. Evidently he means to know what is going on in his dominions.

It is surprising how much it takes to make a man happy. There is a man in Indiana who is now living with his fifth wife, seventeen children, and three mothers-in-law. And still he is not happy!

Why should literary men and students (inquires a recent writer) indulge in the lazy and unhealthy habit of sitting? He assures us that a man may think as well standing as sitting, and often much better, and there is no necessity why a person should be bending his back and doubling his chest merely because he happens to have a book in his hand. But if a man must sit, let him sit erect, with his back to the light, and a free, full projection of the chest.

The Société des Alsaciens-Lorrains in Paris has lately sent a number of families to colonize in Algeria. Two villages are being built for their accommodation. To supply the lack of funds, an exhibition of works of art is proposed. The painter Gerome and Baron Taylor have offered to procure a large number of modern pictures that have not hitherto been shown; and a splendid collection of paintings, sculpture, artistic furniture, and goldsmith's work has been promised by prominent persons interested in the enterprise. This exhibition is to open on May 1. M. Buffet, the President of the Assemblée Nationale, has put the unoccupied apartments of the Corps Législatif and the Présidence at the disposal of the society.

It was recently stated in a public address that there are 12,000 more women than men in the city of New York.

It is stated that the native British regiments engaged on the African Gold Coast become acclimatized with great facility. They withstand the injurious effects of the climate much better than the West Indian troops, all of whom are colored.

The English sparrow seems likely to be regarded the world over as the most efficient of insectivorous birds. The opinion has been expressed that the sparrow, if introduced into the cotton-growing sections of the South, would effectually destroy the cotton-worm, whose ravages are so detrimental to the interests of the country. In Germany the laws against the destruction of the sparrow are so stringent that there is a constant supply for exportation. They are sent in large numbers to distant points.

Robinson Crusoes are not extinct. One Captain Scott in his last voyage from Liverpool touched at the small island of Bellingshausen, in the South Pacific, and found a South Sea Islander its only inhabitant. The man could not speak a word of English, and consequently was unable to explain how he happened to be in that solitary condition. He had received some injuries, which led to the supposition that he had been brought from one of the cluster of the Polynesian Islands, and left to famish after being first maltreated. He had lived by eating cocoa-nuts and oysters. He was taken to England by Captain Scott, and is now working as a laborer at the docks in Liverpool.

Visitors to Rome report a sensible abatement of the dirt and rags which have long formed so prominent a feature of the streets of the Eternal City as to attract the instant attention of foreigners. The streets—at least many of them—are now swept: which is more than can be said of some streets of New York. Though the renovation of the old city is carried on slowly, it is perceptible, and will become more so from year to year.

Strong feelings do not necessarily make a strong character. The strength of a man is to be measured by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him.

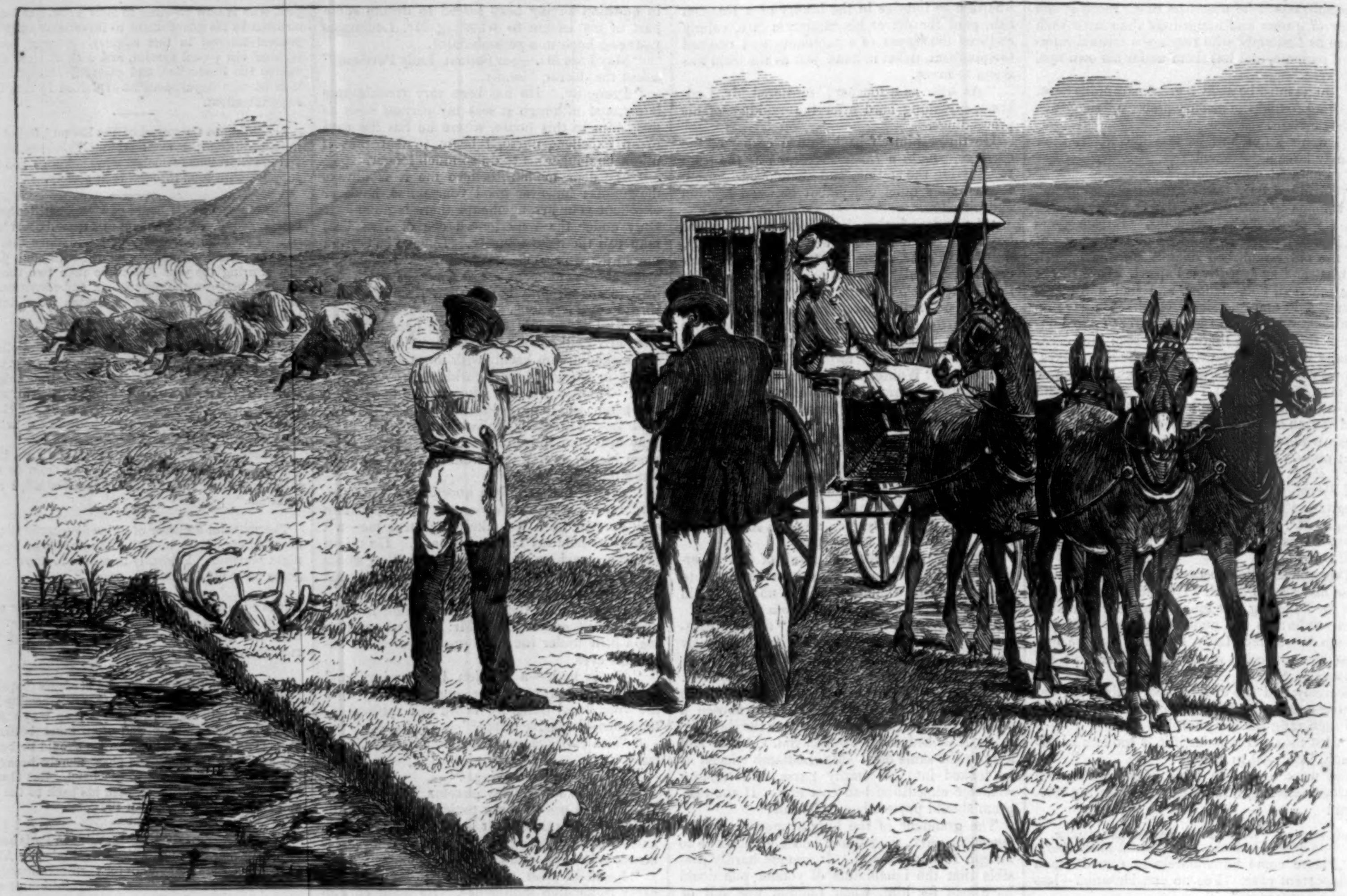
Indians in Maine are so far civilized that they are allowed to send a delegate to the State Legislature. As an indication of their progress, it may be mentioned that last year in a contest between two of them as to which was entitled to the seat in the House, one of them so far followed the customs of civilized men as to buy votes with rum. The following incident, related by the Belfast *Journal*, shows that the delegate this year understands enlightened political wisdom:

"Hon. Samuel D. Leavitt, who represents Eastport in the Legislature, enjoys the friendship and confidence of the stalwart aborigine that the Passamaquoddy Indians send to the capital. They are neighbors at home, and Sam has hunted and fished under the guidance of the representative Big Injun.

"'Leberet,' said he, accosting his white brother with that twist of the tongue which ignores certain letters in the alphabet—'Leberet, what you do um for us here?'

"'Well, I don't know, my friend; they are pretty snug with their money.'

"'Yes, but we must have um money; must shingle um school-house, must fix um up chapel. S'pose you can't get um straight, you must steal um.'"



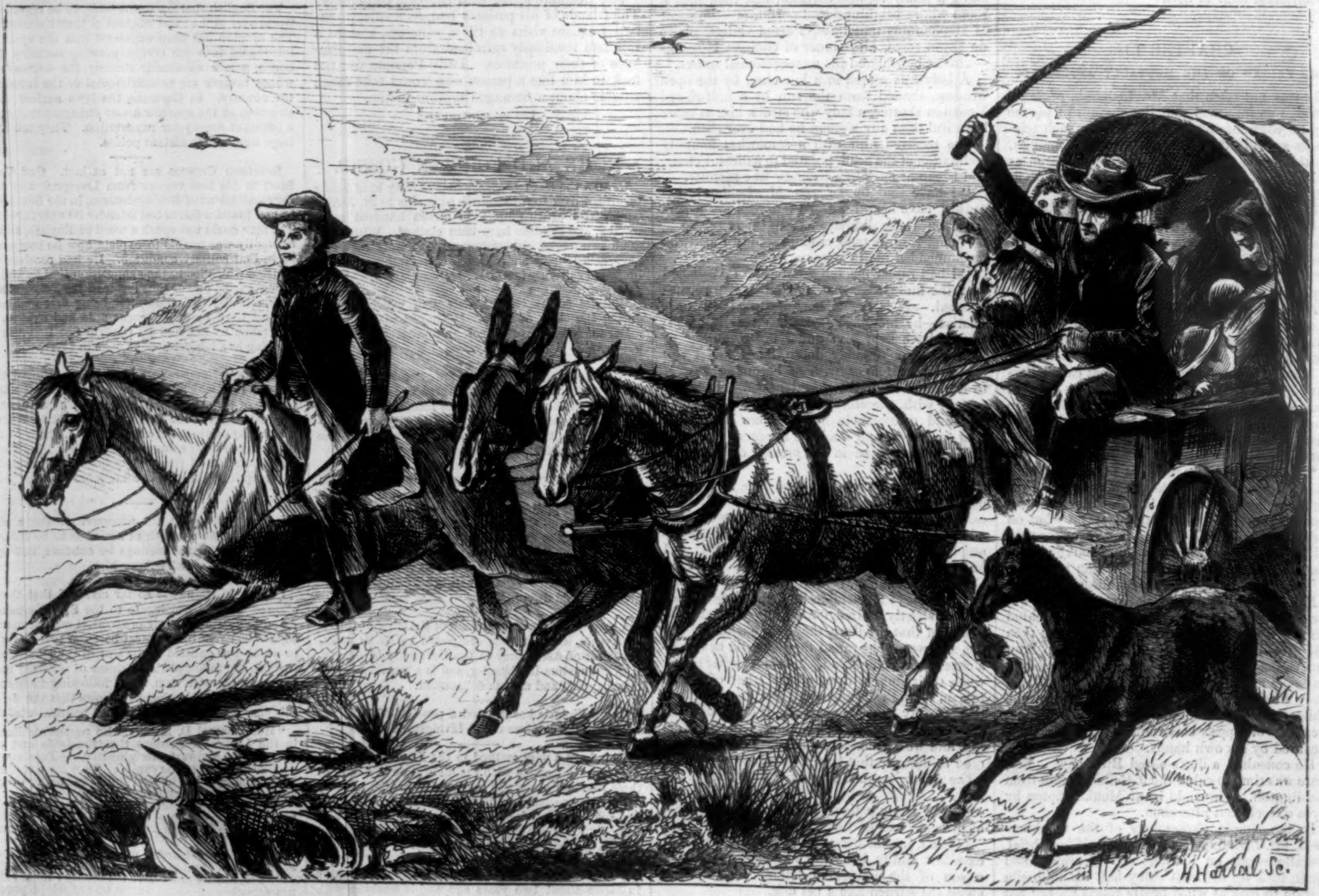
SPORT ON THE PLAINS.

SKETCHES IN THE FAR WEST.

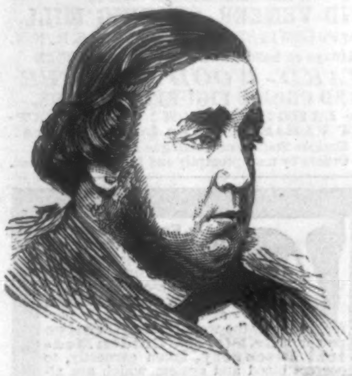
THE vast plains west of the Missouri River are literally strewn with the carcasses and whitening skeletons of the buffaloes that fall a prey, in untold numbers, to the rifle of the professional hunter and amateur sportsman. Every man who goes across the prairies pops away at every living creature that comes within gun-shot, but the buffaloes suffer most from the universal rage for slaughter. Thousands upon thousands of them are slain every year, chiefly for the sake of the hides, many for sport only, and a very small percentage for real need. Our illustration at the head of this page shows a couple of travelers who have alighted from a mail-coach to have a shot at a herd they have just passed. It is for sport only, for they are not hunters. They will not even stop to strip the hide from the animals they bring down, and when they have indulged their passion for slaughter they will ride on, leaving the dead and wounded to be devoured by wolves and foxes.

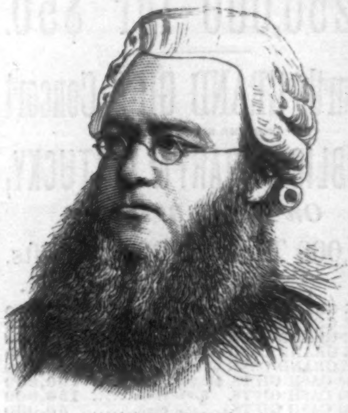
But it is the professional hunter who makes the greatest ravages among the buffaloes. Some of those who make a business of it will kill from fifteen hundred to two thousand every season. At this rate the buffaloes will at no distant day be extinct. The waste is enormous. Of the carcasses left to decay, one-tenth, it is said, would feed all the poor of the country. This indiscriminate slaughter has also brought the price of hides so low that they only fetch, at the frontier trading stations, from fifty cents to a dollar each, and the choicest pieces of meat, such as the saddle and tongue, are almost given away. It hardly pays to take them to market. And yet the work of slaughter goes on increasing from year to year. The Kansas Pacific Railway sends out "sporting trains" for amateur hunters, who shoot from the car windows, and in this tame travesty of sport kill hundreds and thousands of buffaloes every season. All along the track of this road the traveler sees thousands of bleaching carcasses. Of late the Legislatures of the Western States and Territories have waked up to the importance of putting a stop to this wholesale slaughter, and it is to be hoped that it may cease before it comes to an end because there is nothing more to kill. Another evil arising from the destruction of the buffalo is the frequent Indian raids occasioned by the scarcity of game. Many tribes subsist almost entirely on buffalo meat, and when the destruction of the herds has driven them to the verge of starvation it is not surprising that they should make reprisals.

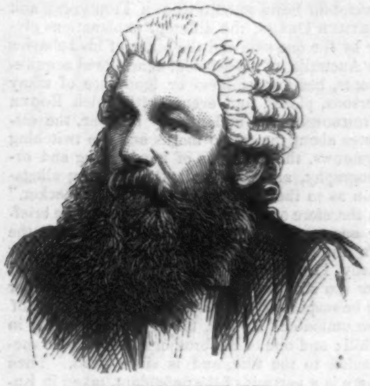
Our second illustration shows a Mormon family driving to a conference meeting. The man is perhaps an elder in the Church. He certainly appears to be quite numerously married.

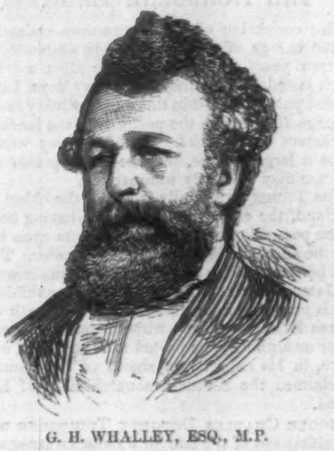


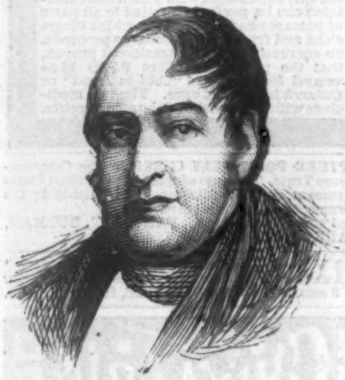
A MORMON FAMILY DRIVING TO CONFERENCE MEETING.

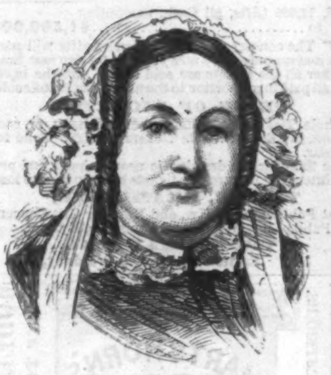

THE DEFENDANT.
Indicted as Thomas Castro, *alias* Arthur Orton, *alias* Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne.

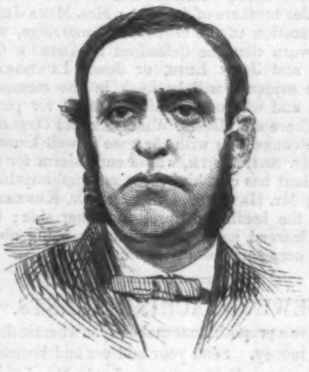

DR. E. V. KENEALY, Q.C.
Leading Counsel for the Defense.

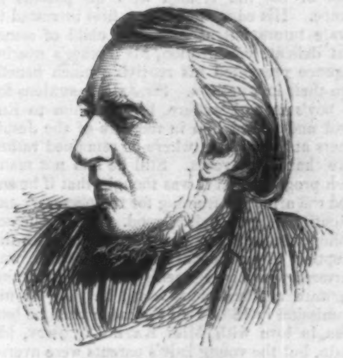

G. B. SKIPWORTH, ESQ.
Imprisoned for Contempt of Court.

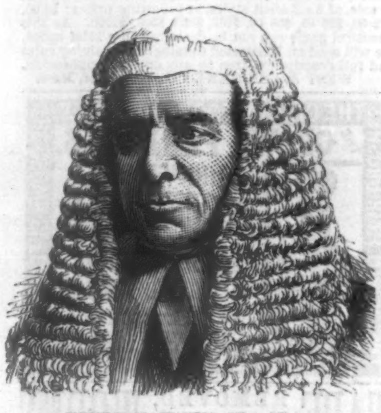

G. H. WHALLEY, ESQ., M.P.

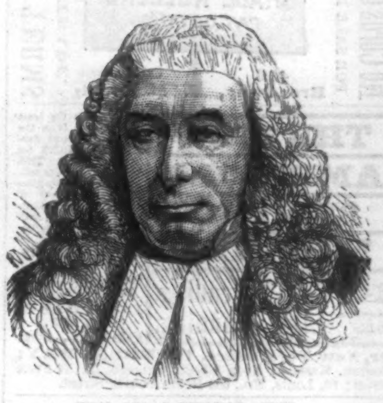

MR. ORTON, SEN.
Father of Arthur Orton.

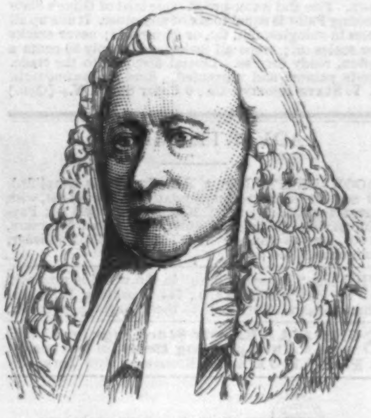

MRS. ORTON, SEN.
Mother of Arthur Orton.

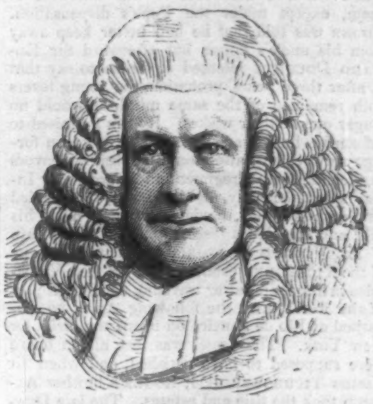

MR. GEORGE ORTON.
Brother of Arthur Orton.

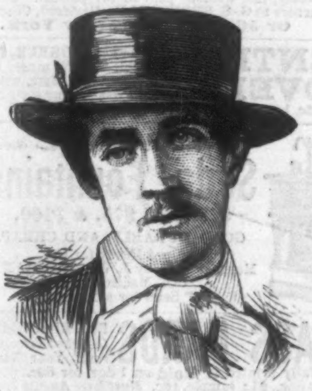

MR. CHARLES ORTON.
Eldest brother of Arthur Orton.

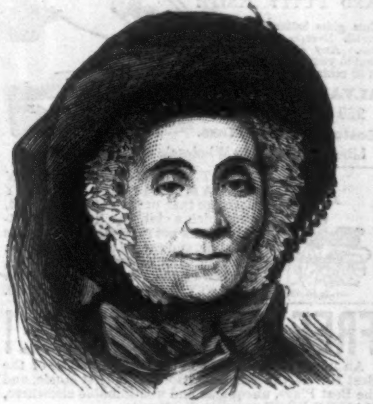

HENRY HAWKINS, ESQ., Q.C.
Leading Counsel for the Crown.

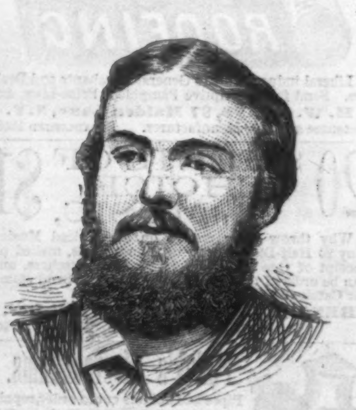

HON. SIR J. MELLOR, KNT.
Justice of the Queen's Bench.

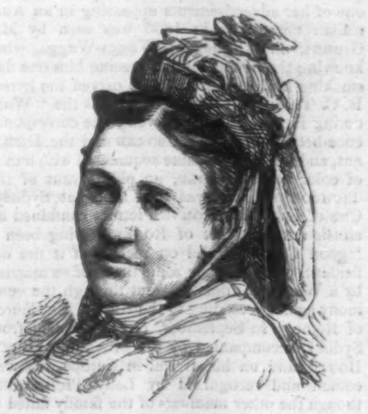

RT. HON. SIR A. J. E. COCKBURN.
Lord Chief Justice of England.

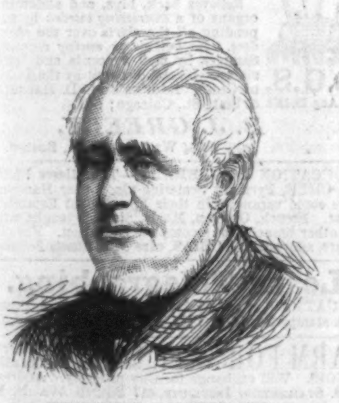

HON. SIR R. LUSH, KNT.
Justice of the Queen's Bench.

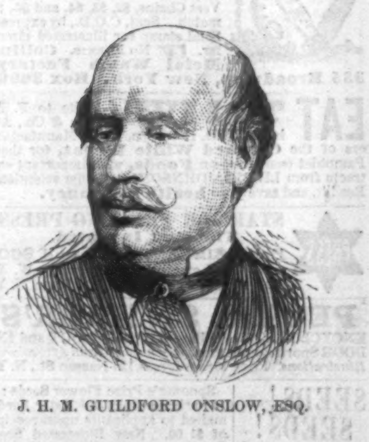

ROGER CHARLES DOUGHTY TICHBORNE.
From the Chili Daguerreotype.

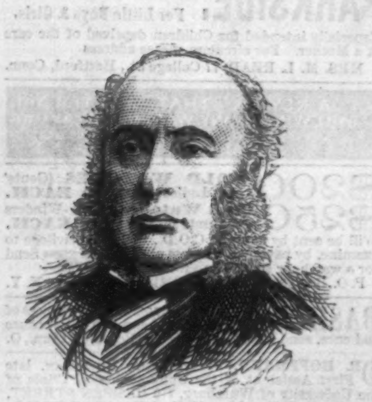

LADY H. FELICITE TICHBORNE.
The late Dowager.

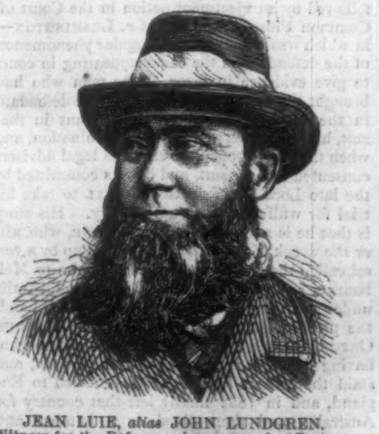

SIR ALFRED JOSEPH TICHBORNE.
The last Baronet.


MRS. MINA JURY.
Witness for the Crown.


FREDERICK BOWKER, ESQ.
Solicitor of the Tichborne Estates.


J. H. M. GUILDFORD ONSLOW, ESQ.


VINCENT GOSFORD, ESQ.
The holder of the "Sealed Packet."


JEAN LUIE, *alias* JOHN LUNDGREN.
Witness for the Defense; since accused of Perjury.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL—PORTRAITS OF THE CLAIMANT, JUDGES, COUNSEL, WITNESSES, ETC.—[SEE PAGE 262.]

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

The conviction of the Tichborne claimant on the charge of perjury, and his sentence to fourteen years of penal servitude after a trial which lasted one hundred and eighty days, have revived public interest in this extraordinary case. On page 261 we give the portraits of the leading characters in the trial. The full story would make a large volume, but the main points of the case may be briefly summarized.

The Tichborne family is one of the oldest in England, the estates in Hampshire having been in the possession of Roger's ancestors even before the advent of William the Conqueror. The first baronet was Sir Benjamin, who was created by James I. in return for the zeal he exhibited in his cause, as immediately upon the death of Queen Elizabeth, and without waiting for any order or authority, he posted to Winchester, and there, in his capacity of sheriff of the county, proclaimed the Scottish monarch King of England.

Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne was the eldest son of the late Sir James Tichborne, Bart., and Henriette Félicite, his wife, who was a descendant of the ancient French family of De Bourbon Conti. He was born on the 5th of January, 1829, and for the first sixteen years of his life resided with his parents in France. His education was at first intrusted to private tutors, but as he was a child of somewhat delicate constitution, his mother's overindulgence prevented his receiving much benefit from their instructions. Sir James, anxious for the boy's mental welfare, brought him to England and placed him in the care of the Jesuit fathers at Stonyhurst, where he remained rather more than three years. Still he had not made much progress, and it was thought that if he entered the army the training for the necessary examinations would do him good. In 1849 he accordingly became a cavalry officer, and, with the exception of occasional leave of absence, was quartered with his regiment, first in Ireland and afterward at Canterbury, until he gave up his commission in 1853. In the mean time he had fallen in love with Miss Kate Doughty, his cousin, but the young lady's parents were averse to the proposed match, both on account of Roger's bad habits of drinking and smoking to excess, and because, being Roman Catholics, a union between first cousins was unlawful to them, except under the Pope's dispensation. Roger was told that he had better keep away from his uncle's house, but afterward Sir Edward Doughty relented so far as to say that if, after three years' probation, the young lovers both remained of the same mind, he would no longer oppose their wishes. Roger promised to reform his habits, and determined to go on foreign service, but, after some fruitless endeavors to exchange into a regiment under orders for India, he left the army, and in March, 1853, sailed for South America, having previously made his will, and confided a "sealed packet" to the care of Mr. Vincent Gosford, the steward on one of the Tichborne estates. He reached Valparaiso in June, and after traveling about that part of the world until the following April, he embarked at Rio de Janeiro on board the *Bella* for New York. The vessel was lost, all on board were supposed to have perished, and when Sir James Tichborne died, Roger's brother Alfred took the title and estates. The late Dowager Lady Tichborne, however, could never be brought to believe that her son Roger was really dead; she advertised extensively for him, and one of her advertisements appearing in an Australian newspaper in 1865 was seen by Mr. Gibbes, an attorney of Wagga-Wagga, who, knowing the defendant, and seeing him one day smoking a pipe whereon were carved the letters R. C. T., at once "spotted" him as the "Wandering Heir." Then followed some correspondence between Lady Tichborne and the defendant, and the latter became acquainted with a man of color named Bogle, an old servant of the Tichbornes, who was then living at Sydney. One of Lady Tichborne's letters contained an allusion to the fact of Roger having been a "good Catholic," and on receipt of it the defendant, who had been some time before married by a Wesleyan minister, went through the ceremony again, according to the rites of the Church of Rome. In September, 1866, he sailed from Sydney, accompanied by his wife and Andrew Bogle, and on his arrival in Europe was welcomed and recognized by Lady Tichborne, though the other members of the family failed to identify him. Then began the legal proceedings. Evidence was taken by commission both in Australia and Chili; there was a suit in Chancery, followed by an ejectment action in the Court of Common Pleas—Tichborne *v.* Lushington—in which was witnessed the singular phenomenon of the defendant in the cause appearing in court to give evidence in favor of the man who had brought the action against him. The defendant in the recent trial, who was claimant in that suit, himself underwent a long examination, and when the jury stopped the case, his legal advisers consented to a nonsuit, and he was committed by the late Lord Chief Justice Bovill to take his trial for willful and corrupt perjury. His story is that he is really Roger Tichborne, who, after the wreck of the *Bella*, was picked up by a vessel called the *Osprey*, which carried him to Melbourne, and that he afterward lived in Australia under the name of Castro. On the other hand, the prosecution affirm that he is one Arthur Orton, the son of a butcher of Wapping, who, having made a voyage to South America, and staid there from 1849 to 1851, returned to England, and in 1852 finally left that country for Australia, and there lived as a butcher and stock-keeper until he set up the claim to the Tichborne title and estates, out of which the recent trial for perjury arose. Our readers are already familiar with the many points which were urged *pro* and *con* in this extraordinary cause, the marvelous likeness and unlikeness which the defendant bears to both Roger Tichborne and Arthur Orton, the different explanations given by the one side and the other of his behavior in Australia, of his deficient educational acquirements, his forgetfulness or ignorance of many persons, places, and events with which Roger Tichborne was undoubtedly familiar, the disputes about the tattoo marks and the twitching eyebrows, the questions of handwriting and orthography, and, above all, the startling allegation as to the contents of the "sealed packet." It therefore only remains for us to describe briefly our group of portraits. To begin with the Tichborne family, we have the late Dowager Lady Tichborne, whose persistent belief that her son still lived and would return caused her to be suspected as a *tête malade;* a portrait of the undoubted Roger, taken during his stay in Chili; and one of his brother Alfred, who succeeded to the title, and is since dead. Then there is a portrait of the defendant, taken in England; one of Mr. Gosford, to whom the "sealed packet" was confided; and one of Mr. Bowker, the solicitor of the Tichborne family. There are also Mr. and Mrs. Orton senior, both now dead; Charles and George Orton, the elder brothers of Arthur; Mrs. Mina Jury, a connection of the Ortons by marriage, who has sworn that the defendant is Arthur Orton; and Jean Luie, or John Lundgren, whose evidence will be fresh in the memories of all, and who now awaits his trial for perjury. There are Messrs. Whalley and Onslow, whose connection with the case is well known; and Mr. Skipworth, whose enthusiasm for the defendant has cost him three months' imprisonment; Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., and Dr. Kenealy, Q.C., the leading counsel on either side; the three learned judges, that number being absolutely necessary for a trial "at bar."

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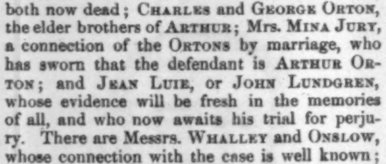

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150 CASH GIFTS,	300 each	45,000
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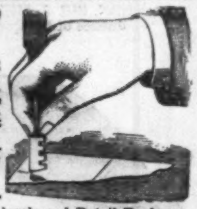

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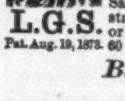

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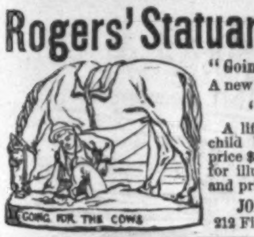

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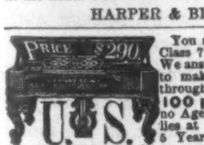

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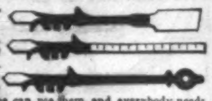

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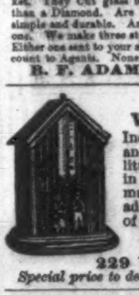

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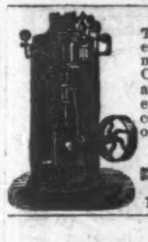

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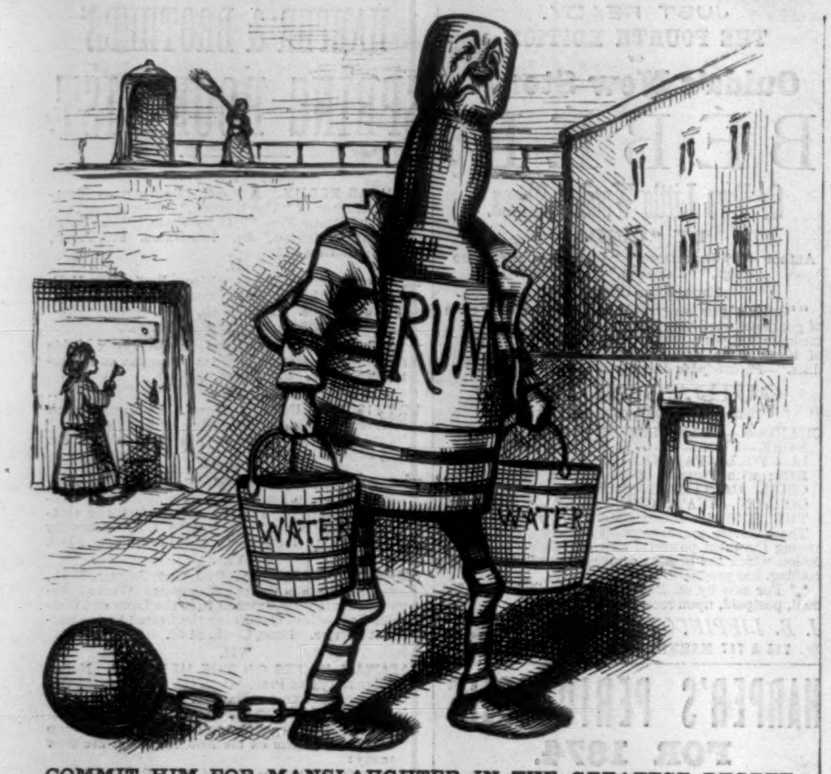

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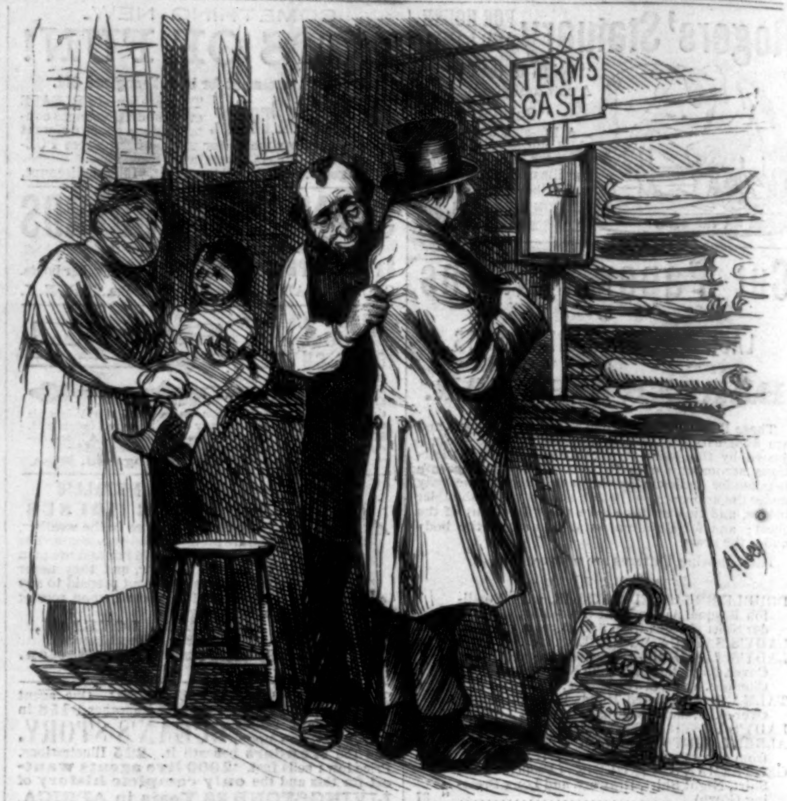

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☞ WILL BE READY ABOUT MARCH 30, 1874.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

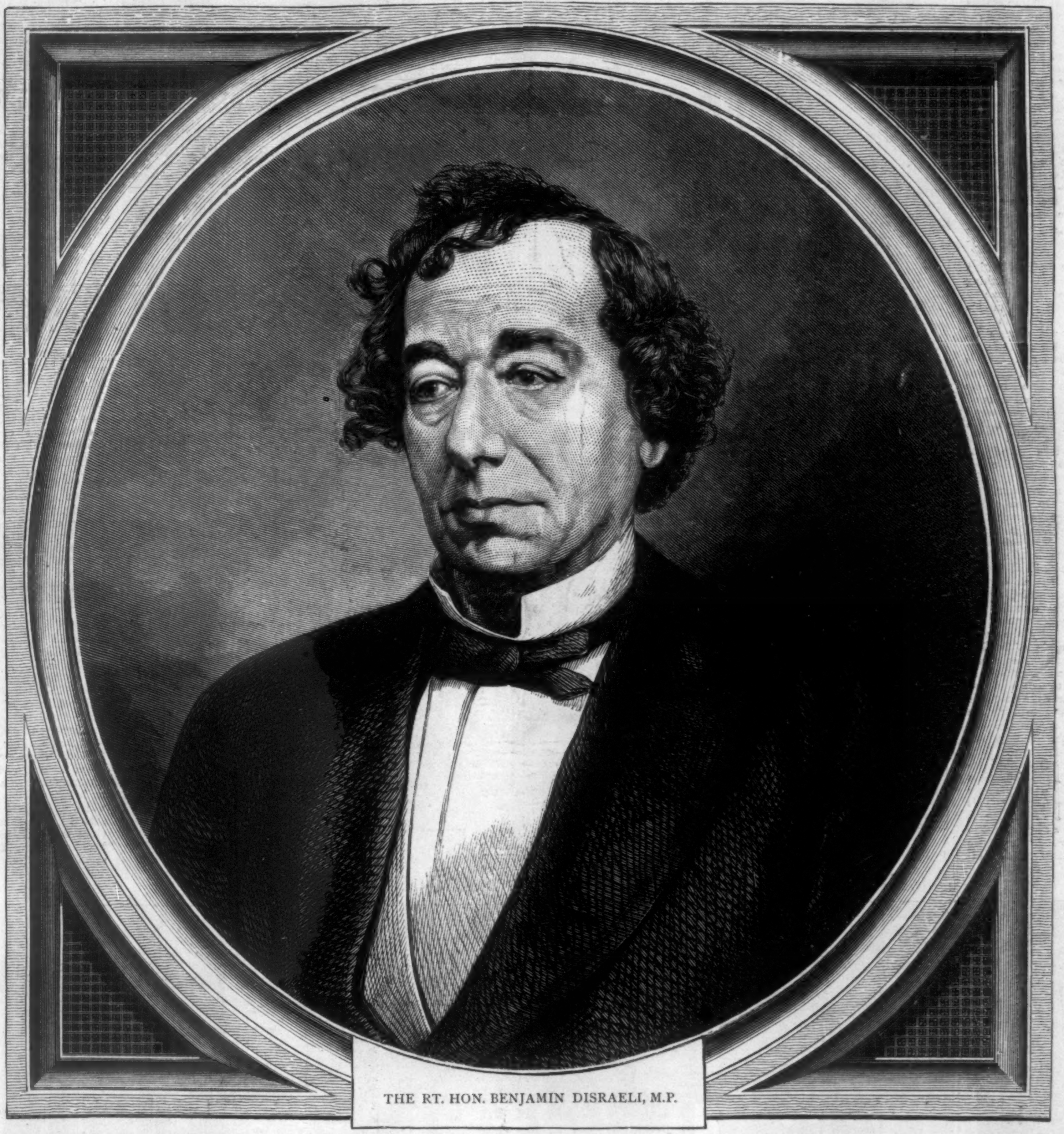
THE Right Hon. **BENJAMIN DISRAELI**, who now for the second time has been called to the position of Premier of Great Britain, was the eldest son of the author of *The Curiosities of Literature.* He was born at Bradenham House, Buckinghamshire, in 1805, and in youth was clerk to a solicitor in London. He is said to have been very neglectful of his professional duties, for which he evinced neither capacity nor taste, and to have passed most of his time in reading novels. Released, after a short trial, from this engagement, he entered on the career of an author, was for a time a leading contributor to a short-lived newspaper, and won celebrity by a series of brilliant novels. He was ambitious of political distinction. Previous to 1835 he was a radical, but finding nothing was to be gained in that direction, he identified himself with the Tories, and in 1837, after many personal tribulations and disappointments, entered the House of Commons as the Tory member from Maidstone, in conjunction with Mr. **WYNDHAM LEWIS**, whose widow he afterward married. To her is greatly to be attributed **DISRAELI'S** after-success in life. She brought him an immense fortune, and made him a most admirable wife—so good that he has often declared that he had the best wife in England. She died last year as Countess of Beaconsfield, a dignity accepted for her from Queen **VICTORIA** when **DISRAELI** himself refused to be raised to the peerage. His progress to political influence, if not to preferment, was rapid. In the face of rebuffs and obstacles which would have disheartened a less determined or more sensitive man, he triumphed over his adversaries in the House of Commons, and displayed a wit, an irony, an eloquence, and a readiness in debate which made him a natural leader. In the course of his electioneering troubles he had a personal controversy with **DANIEL O'CONNELL**, who in one of his speeches said **DISRAELI** might be a descendant of the "impenitent thief" mentioned in the Gospels. To this **DISRAELI** sharply responded through the papers, concluding as follows, in allusion to the "repeal rent:" "I am not one of those public beggars whom we see swarming with their obtrusive boxes in the chapels of your creed, nor am I in possession of a princely revenue arising from a starving set of fanatical slaves." As member of the House from Shrewsbury, elected in 1841, **DISRAELI** followed Sir **ROBERT PEEL** in that minister's protective policy; but when Sir **ROBERT** succumbed to the Anti Corn-law League, **DISRAELI** assailed him with unbridled invective. He afterward said: "It is quite a mistake to suppose I ever hated **PEEL**. On the contrary, he is the only man under whom I should have liked to have served. But I saw very clearly that he was the only man it would 'make' me to attack, and I attacked him."

Although **DISRAELI**, through the lukewarmness of his own party, lacked opportunities of great political preferment, he finally reached the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord **DERBY'S** ministry, which fell in 1852. He held the same position in the **DERBY** administration in 1859. In 1866, when the Conservatives again came into power, he replaced Mr. **GLADSTONE** as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Early in March, 1868, he became Premier by the retirement of Lord **DERBY**, and he held this position until the defeat of the government on the Irish Church Bill, July, 1868, which brought in the Liberals, with Mr. **GLADSTONE** as Prime Minister.

Released from the cares of office, **DISRAELI** again gave the world assurance of his high ability as a novelist. In *Lothair* he devoted to the papacy the same power of social illustration which earlier in *Tancred* he bestowed on Judaism. The novel had a wonderful success, but its popularity soon declined, and it is doubtful if it finds many readers to-day. His earlier novels have long since been lost sight of by the general public.

DISRAELI now returns to power, after five years on the opposition benches, with a fair working majority in the House of Commons. He has not yet indicated what line of policy he intends to pursue. His cabinet is said to be made of good working material.

In youth **DISRAELI** is represented to have been an elegant and rather effeminate fop, with long ringlets of black silky hair, elaborately dressed, and very affected in manner. He was flattered and idolized by women. He is now a man of nearly seventy years, stoops slightly, has a thoughtful, care-worn face, and a tendency to ringlets is still observable in his hair.


THE RT. HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, M.P.

THE CINCINNATI PUBLIC LIBRARY.

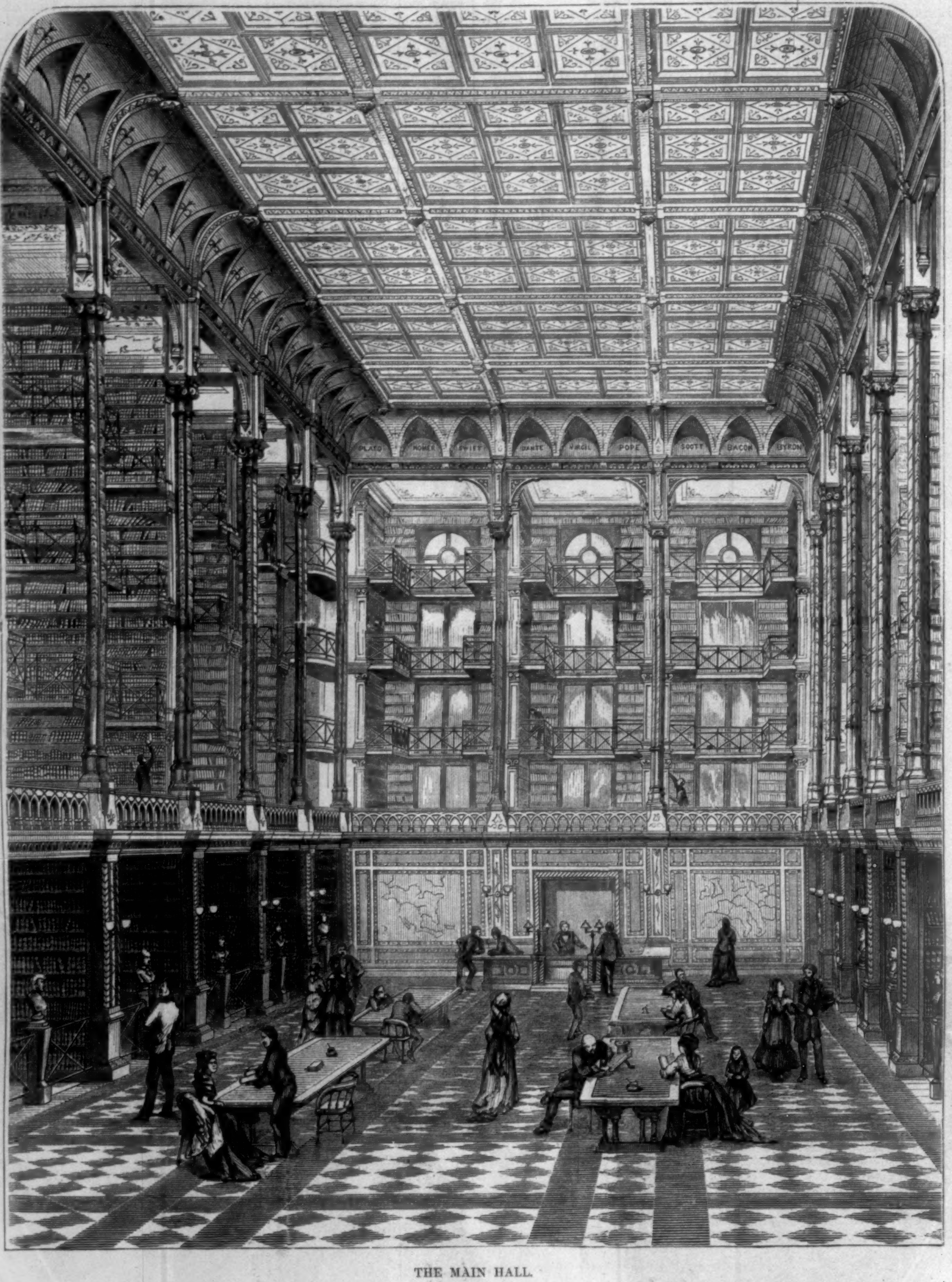
CINCINNATI possesses the largest, best-arranged, and only fire-proof public library building in the country. We give in this issue illustrations of its main hall and its vestibule. The building has a front of eighty feet on Vine Street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, and runs back to College Street, with a depth of 190 feet. The front is of light-colored Buena Vista freestone, and is four stories high, the two lower stories having a height of eighteen feet, and the two upper stories of sixteen feet. The front portion of the building is used as reading-rooms for periodicals and newspapers, librarian's and working rooms, apartments for illustrated books, and the medical and theological departments. From the marble-tiled hall (forty-eight by eighteen) of the front building an iron staircase ascends to the rooms above. Passing on through this hall, we enter the grand vestibule (forty by thirty-one) which we have illustrated. This apartment will be provided with six reading tables, where books of reference and files of newspapers can be consulted. A magnificent staircase, fourteen feet wide, of Italian marble, bordered with black marble, and having balustrades of variegated marble, and newel posts of Sutherland Falls and Lisbon marble, leads to the main hall, 108 feet long, eighty feet wide, and fifty feet high.

The first impression made upon the mind on entering this hall is its immense capacity for storing books in its five tiers of alcoves, and then the eye is attracted and gratified by its graceful and carefully studied architecture, which provides that no portion of the shelving is deprived of a proper amount of light. The whole ceiling is of ornamented glass, and as the alcoves are not floored over, the rear shelves in the lower alcoves, which in the Astor Library and Boston Public Library are as dark as Egypt, are here as well lighted as any in the hall. Besides the glass in the main ceiling, there are large skylights over each of the ranges of alcoves. The glass is slightly colored, having a warm reddish tint, which takes off the glare and a portion of the intensity of the light. There is light enough, however, for all practical purposes. If more were desired, it could easily be obtained by adopting a lighter-colored glass. In the main ceiling the glazed sections are hung on hinges, and can be turned up for ventilation or cleaning the glass. The whole interior construction of this hall is of iron, with the exception of the bookshelves, which are of ash. The light, graceful columns which support the roof are of wrought iron. Sixteen feet above the main ceiling is a lantern of iron and glass, covering the entire space. There are 32,000 glass prisms in the lantern, set in cast iron after the HYATT pattern, which is used in sidewalk pavements to light basements. The roof and all the floors are laid on iron girders, spanned by corrugated boiler plates, which are filled with cement and covered with iron. In the eastern corners are two square stacks of brick, one for an elevator and the other for ventilation. Through the centre of the latter passes the iron chimney of the steam-boilers in the basement. Four dumb-waiters extend from the lower floor to the upper alcoves, which, with the elevator, are worked by hydraulic power.

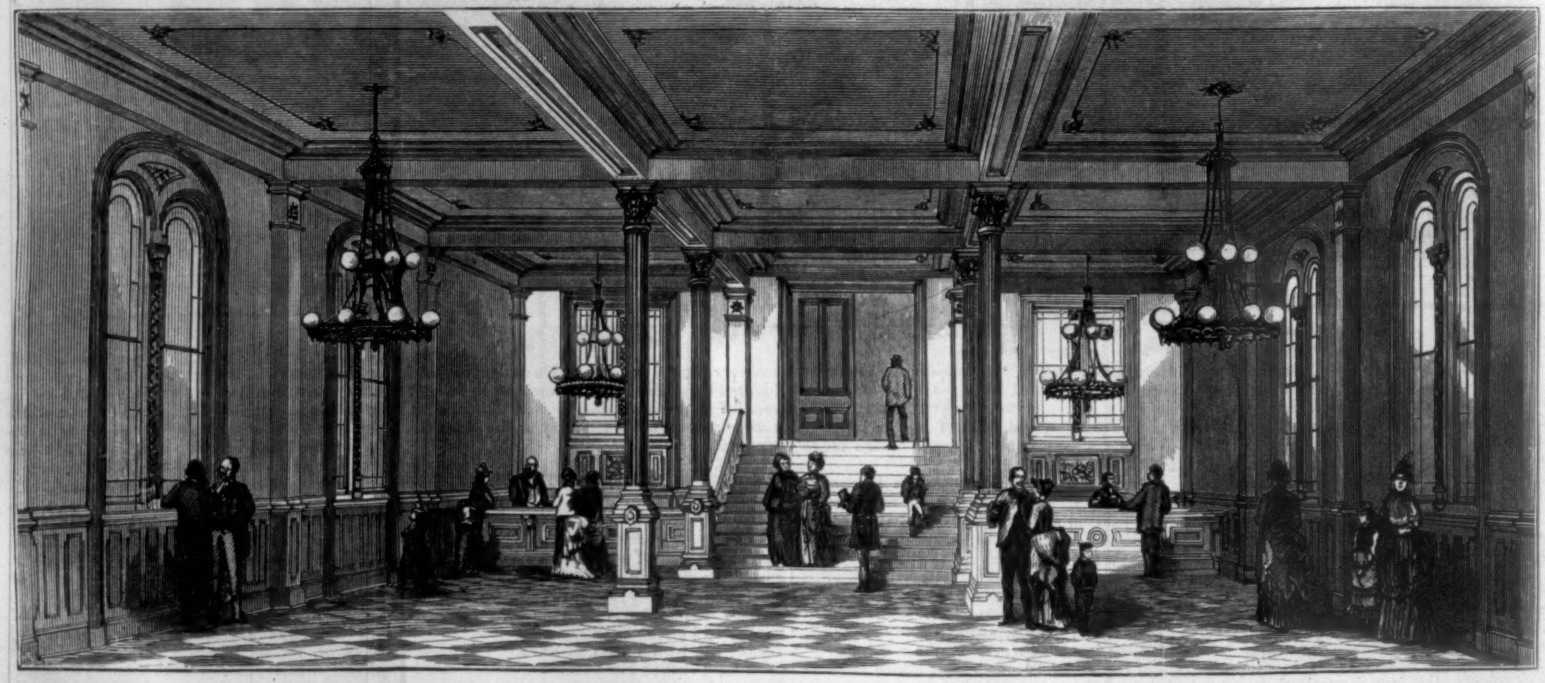
The mode of heating this hall is something unique. It is done by warming the marble floor. Beneath the floor, which rests on groined arches, are air chambers so capacious that a person can pass through them. In these chambers are stacks of steam-pipes, communicating with the boilers in the basement. This method is found not only to be effective, but economical. By raising the temperature of the floor to about eighty degrees, the lower stratum of air, in which people live, is sufficiently warm in the coldest weather, while the upper strata of air are comparatively cool, which is essential for the preservation of books. By the common mode of heating rooms the upper strata are the hottest, and in order to get sufficient heat near the floor it is necessary to heat the upper alcoves so much that the bindings are soon destroyed. The floor, once warmed, retains its heat, and gives a uniform temperature to the room. This method of heating is not at all unpleasant to the feet. In the centre of each of the lower alcoves are finely cut and polished pedestals for busts, of red Lisbon marble.

The general circulating department is in the second story, over the vestibule of the main hall, and it communicates directly with the first gallery of the latter. The access by the public to this department is by the staircase in the front hall.

The main hall has a capacity of containing 250,000 volumes. It has more than six miles of shelving. The library, but six years old, has now 63,000 volumes, and is increasing at the rate of from 10,000 to 15,000 volumes a year. The institution is supported wholly by public taxation, the income for the purchase of books being about $20,000 annually. This sum is raised by a law of the State, which lays a tax of one-tenth of a mill on the dollar valuation of city property for that purpose. The salaries and incidental expenses, amounting to $20,000 more, are paid out of the general educational funds of the city, under control of the Board of Education. The building, with the lots, has cost about $450,000, and has been built and paid for by the Board of Education. Mr. JAMES W. M'LAUGHLIN, of Cincinnati, was the architect of the building and superintendent of its construction. Mr. WILLIAM F. POOLE, formerly of the Boston Athenæum, has had charge, as librarian, of the organization of the library for the past five years, and it is now the largest and best collection of books west of the Alleghanies. The architect has freely availed himself of the librarian's large experience in library matters in the construction of the building. Mr. POOLE has just been elected librarian of the Public Library of Chicago—which has an annual income of $50,000—where he will have a field for organizing a larger library, and of constructing even a better building, than those which Cincinnati possesses. The Western cities are overshadowing the Eastern in this sort of enterprise.



THE MAIN HALL.



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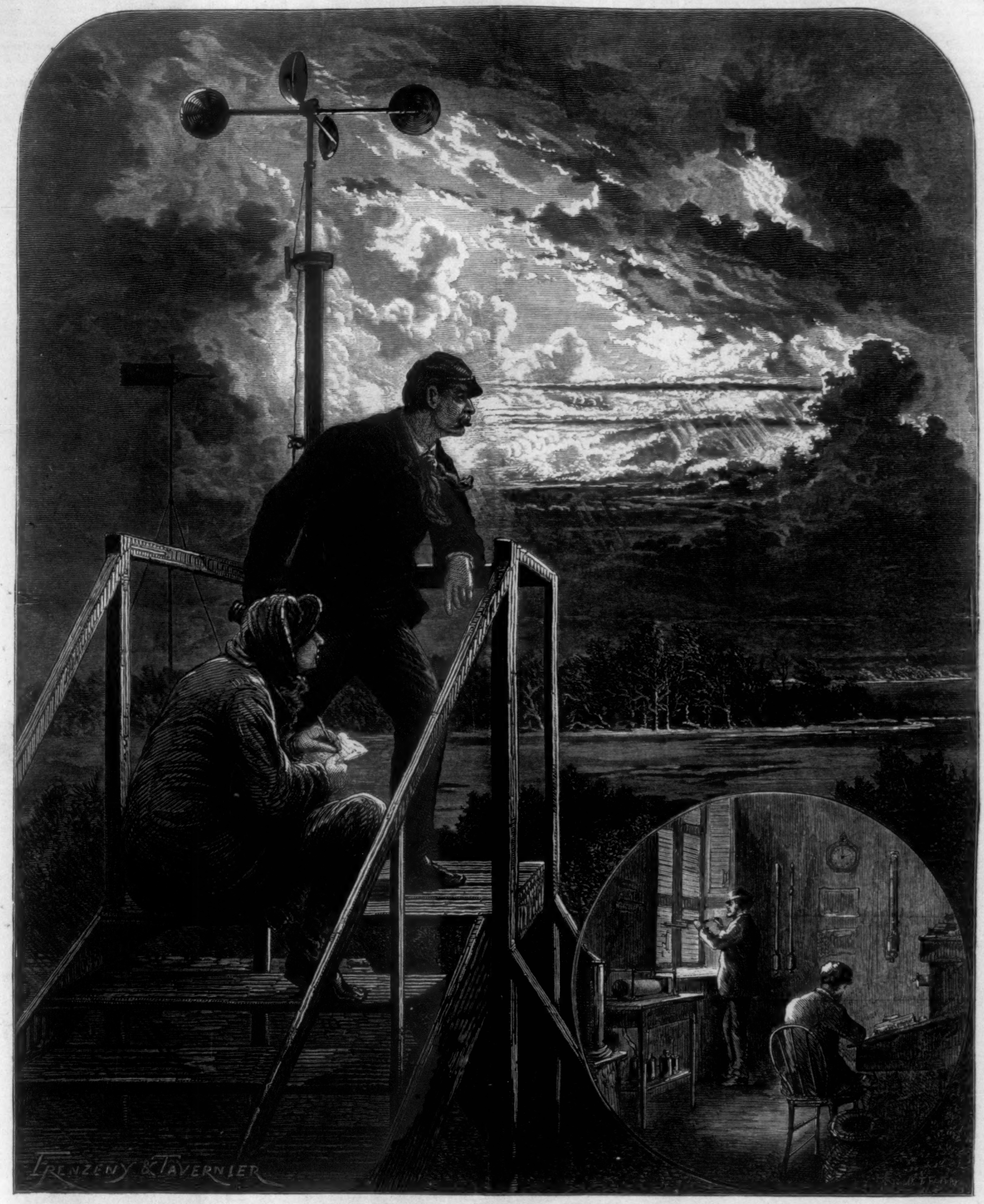

UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE—WATCHING THE STORM.

WATCHING THE STORM.

The signal station at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, of which we give herewith an illustration, is the last in the chain of such stations belonging to the Eastern Division. There is none yet established between Fort Gibson and Santa Fe, New Mexico, and the atmospheric changes over the immense plains of Kansas, the Indian Territory, and Texas are recorded at this station. The terrific storms which rise in the Rocky Mountains sweep down the deep cañons and valleys, and pass with unabated strength and fury over the wide prairies. The stations at Pike's Peak, Denver, and Santa Fe are generally the first to give cautionary signals on the approach of these storms.

Our sketch represents a sergeant and assistant of the Signal Service at Fort Gibson watching the progress of a storm. They take notes of every feature of the tempest, the peculiar formation of the clouds, the struggles between contending currents of air, measure carefully the speed of the wind, the degree of moisture in the atmosphere, and other matters. All this requires the closest and most intelligent observation and application day and night. Every day each station reports by telegraph to the chief signal-office at Washington, and full detailed reports are sent at least once a month.

The small vignette shows the interior of the signal-office. Scientific instruments of the best manufacture, such as thermometers, barometers, etc., are so arranged as to record the exact state of the temperature and other atmospheric phenomena. The wind-gauge, as shown in the large drawing, on the roof, is connected by an electric wire with a recording instrument in the interior of the office—a drum covered with a long roll of paper, on which the instrument records the varying degrees of speed. The barometers and thermometers are placed in a projecting window called the "shelter." As a rule, there are two officials to each station, a sergeant and an assistant.

When the signal station was first established at Fort Gibson an incident occurred which is worthy of mention. The Cherokee Indians regarded the building with great curiosity, mingled with awe, for they understood that it was a contrivance for controlling the weather, and the sergeant was looked upon as a weather sorcerer. Strangely enough, a few days after the station was put in working order a tremendous storm set in, accompanied by a heavy rain-fall. It lasted without interruption for several weeks, and the Indians, attributing its unusual duration to the evil influence of the sorcerer, assembled in large numbers and attacked the station. They were determined to pull it down and "break the charm." Nothing saved it, and with it the lives of the officials, but the firm conduct of the commandant of the fort. The Indians were at last persuaded to retire, but, though the object of the station was fully explained to them, there are many who still regard it with suspicion, and look with fear and awe upon the sergeant.

MODERN GALLANTS.

The gallant of 1874 is an improvement upon the gallant of several generations ago. Certainly he is never foolish enough to fight and be killed for the sake of his lady-love. The means which he adopts to secure her favor are of a much more prosaic order. His chief aim appears to be to make himself as much unlike a man as circumstances will permit, and to talk to her as if he considered she had an understanding incapable of grasping any loftier idea than that she is one of the sweetest and most nicely dressed beings in existence. In place of a suit of mail he wears clothes and ornaments which his tailor, his haberdasher, and his jeweler have made as extravagant in style and as ugly and unbecoming as possible. The only time that he ever gets seriously tilted at and mauled on some sweet charmer's behalf is when he is compelled by ill luck to figure as defendant in a breach-of-promise case.

The youthful gallant is, as a rule, a bungler. He rarely succeeds in demonstrating that he is at his ease. The air of overweening confidence which he assumes is not sufficiently well put on to disguise the fact that he is a victim to the miserable feeling that his powers may not prove sufficient to satisfactorily carry him through the ordeal to which he is being subjected. This can be excused, for, as a matter of fact, there are comparatively few men, and a very small number of young ones, who feel perfectly at home when brought into close contact with members of the opposite sex. A man talking to a woman irrationally concludes that he must adopt quite a different tone to that which he would take if he were conversing with a being of the same gender as himself. He is uncertain as to what vein he